JUNE 4, 1955 / 20¢

OUR UNCERTAINTY VS. OUR POLICY

By Louis J. Halle

"Supper at Emmaus," from Walter Friedlaender's "Caravaggio Studies." (See page 10)

ARE THE HUMANITIES WORTH SAVING?

By Joseph Wood Krutch

HOW TO KEEP THE SCIENTIST OUT

By Harrison Brown

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 4, 1955

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I know a fellow who used to have the ceiling of his guest bedroom covered with travel posters.

Every time the urge to travel hit him, he would lie down until he got his fill of faraway places with strange-sounding names—or fell asleep.

He loved to travel, you see, but he hated the inconveniences that go with travel abroad. He never knew whom to tip and how much, he worried about hotels and what they would cost, he couldn't decide what clothes to take or what to pack them in, and he never remembered what kind of currency was worth how much.

But his ceiling-travelling is over now. For a kind friend (and I'm too modest to mention any names) introduced him to Richard Joseph's travel books.

There are plenty of books that tell you *where* to travel (and Joseph has that, too); but there are very few that explain all the little details about *how* to travel (from buying your ticket to getting through customs), and no one can beat Joseph at this.

He has two big books: "World Wide Travel Guide" ($3.95), and "Your Trip to Britain" ($4.50); and two indispensable pocket-sized books: "The 1955 World Wide Money Converter and Tipping Guide" ($1.00) and "Richard Joseph's and Muriel Richter's 1955 World Wide Travel Regulations Made Easy" ($1.50).

If you're going abroad this summer, or have friends who are going, remember that "Richard Joseph" read forward, or at random, spells "travel made easy."

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Richard Joseph travel books are published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Robert Jay Misch's Foreign Dining Dictionary" ($1.25), a pocket guide to foreign foods and wines. Any of these books may be obtained from your bookseller or from the 30 Doubleday Book Shops, seven of which are in New York City, convenient to docks and airline terminals. Bon voyage!

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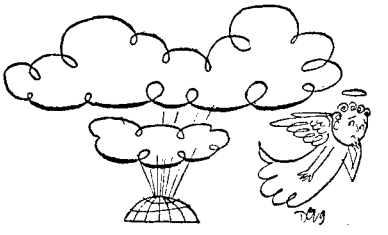
THE PHOENIX NEST

IT SEEMS HARD to believe that William Rose Benét, the gentle and dedicated soul who conducted THE PHOENIX NEST for *The Saturday Review*, has been dead a full five years. This column of assorted verses, which I think Bill would have liked, is dedicated to his memory.

To head the list I reprint an eight-liner from that excellent liberal



weekly, *The Reporter*, entitled "On Limited Warfare":

Don'tcha worry, honey chile.
Don'tcha cry no more,
It's jest a li'l ole atom bomb
In a li'l ole lim'ted war.

It's jest a bitsy warhead, chile,
On a li'l ole tactical shell,
And all it'll do is blow us-all
To a li'l ole lim'ted hell.

H. S. COGGINS WAS THE EDITOR of a children's magazine called *Youth* that was sponsored by the old Penn Publishing Company in Philadelphia from 1902 to 1907. Looking over a yellowing copy of the November 1906 issue the other day, Mr. Coggins came across a nursery rhyme called "The Wash-tub Sea." It was the author's name that stopped him short, as well it might, for, believe it or not, the following lines were composed by a very young Sinclair Lewis:

The pussy and the puppy and my
darling doll and me,
We often go a fishing in the depths
of Wash-tub Sea
It's smaller than the oceans, dolly
says that she has heard;
But where on any ocean, can one
hunt the bubble bird?

Around lie Table Country, and
the lonely land of chair
The green giraffe and spotted
blops hide in the jungle there.
Our slender ship of pasteboard,
manned by pirates, fierce and
free,
Goes venturing and wandering,
upon the Wash-tub Sea.

"What ho, she blows, bring out
the match harpoon, a rubber
whale
Is lying off the larboard," cry the
pirates as they sail.
Let Dolly talk of oceans, but, now
honest, could there be
A really, truly rubber whale, save
on the Wash-tub Sea?

FROM CLAUDE STINNEFORD, of Earlham College, Richmond, Indiana:

MOOD FOR OUR TIMES

I

Our land is filled with voices
shouting woe.
A welter of lamentation and fore-
boding
Engulfs the world of thought.
Prophets of gloom ride rising
tides of bitterness,
Suspicion, and confused bleak
despair.
Emotions, wildly stirred
By what seems catastrophe piled
on catastrophe,
Ferment to foul rancidity,
Beneath the heated, endless ha-
rangues of foolish men,
Who fear their destiny,
And from platform and podium
proclaim
The smallness of their gods.
Virtue is made a matter of choos-
ing sides,
And men are charged with sin
who stop to think.

II

But wisdom is not absent from
our land;
There are men of calmness living
still.

While men of little faith run off
in words,
And empty exhortations to the
blood,
Wise men still point

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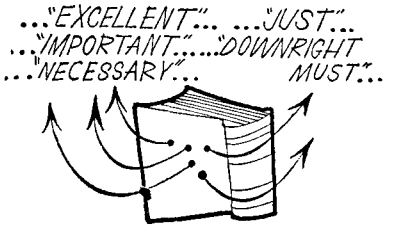
That what must be fulfilled,
Through hours of stress,
Are yet those things that were in calmness willed—
In yesterdays that now seem far away.
Man must be calm to sense the channel drifts;
Be brave to dare its reefs;
He must stay captain of his craft to risk a worthy port;
For good is yet good though entertained of devils,
And bad yet bad, though saints be on its side.

GEORGIE GALBRAITH, OF BAKERSFIELD, submits this Curse of the Constant Reader: "Oh, ready a special pit in hell/Where a special fire burns hot,/And over it place a special skewer/On which to toast the book reviewer/who blabs a novel's plot!" She also cites the case of The Angelic Anthologist: "He'll go to heaven without one apology,/Such are the heights to which he's risen./For lo, he's compiled a modern anthology/Minus a single poem of hisen!"

Richard Armour, whose new book, "It All Started with Europe," will be McGraw-Hilled in September, considers The Blurb: "Consider, please, the jacket blurb/Which, shorn of pronoun, noun, and verb,/With adjective and adverb hymns/The newborn masterpiece, and limns/ Its excellence, importance, justness,/Neces-



sity, and downright mustness,/And leaves the maybes, buts, and nots/To eloquent, outspoken dots."

Frances Cornford's "Collected Poems" include this epitaph on a literary critic: "Whoso maintains that I am humbled now/(Who wait the Awful Day) is still a liar;/I hope to meet my Maker brow to brow/And find my own the higher."

JOHN CARTER, OF SCRIBNER'S IN LONDON, has sent me a copy of a batch of clerihews published in pamphlet form by the Rampant Lions Press in Cambridge. Worthy of repetition:

The Empress Poppaea
Was really rather a dear,
Only no one could stop her
From being improper.

Diodorus Siculus
Made himself ridiculous
He thought a thimble
Was the phallic symbol.

The Egyptian Queen
Thought a laurel wreath mean.
"I only wear it to tease her"
Said Caesar.

Sir Anthony Van Dyck
Was the sort of painter I like
Almost anything he did
Is worth several quid.

A JUMPER AT HASTY CONCLUSIONS might gather from the following that Norman Hoefeld, of Chicago, is not allergic to the outpourings of Oggie Nash:

I seldom or never annoy with fan mail
Famous figures to whom any tribute is travail.
But the epic verse of Ogden Nash
Causes self-control to crumble and crash.

Each poem from the pen of America's Laureate
Gilds him with his greatest glory yet.

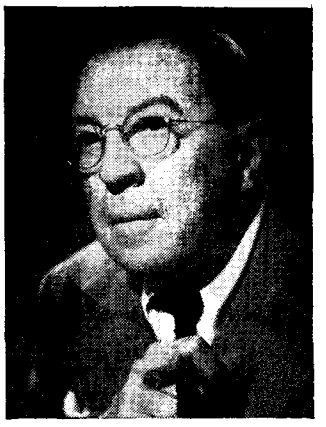
There's appeal for all, from savant to rabble
Regardless one's taste is Dick Tracy or Cabell.

'Mongst molls and their gangsters, the common report is
Nash verse is so lively, it will cure trigger mortis.

Its belly-laugh rapture, from Maine to California
Causes countless cases of rupture and hernia.
Nash has fully outmoded conventional metre

Prominent author Rupert Hughes speaks from personal experience...

"How you can be young in thought and action about your hearing loss"



Mr. Rupert Hughes, world-famous author, playwright, producer, poet, biographer and composer.

"If you need a hearing aid, I hope you are not hesitating because you have the mistaken notion that it might make you look older.

"Actually, the exact opposite is true: A hearing aid will help you to look, act and feel *years younger.*

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• • • • •

We are grateful to Mr. Hughes for granting us permission to place his important and moving message before America's hard of hearing.

Mr. Hughes is one of a distinguished group of authors, statesmen, scientists, executives and millionaires who can afford to pay any price for a hearing aid but wear the $75 Zenith.

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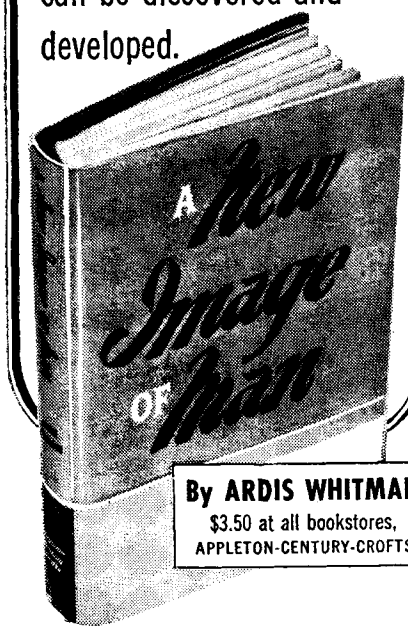

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Illustrated by WESLEY DENNIS

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Like the Crane Co. has, the Chick Sale two-seater.

I chortle at Nash more than does any Slav Pa
Whilst reading his offspring the funnies from *Pravda.*

We owe the phone to Don Ameche
And far more laughs to Nash than to Nietzsche.

Pensées de telles chic, je n'ai jamais lu
Dans les oeuvres de Racine, de Rostand ou Brieux.

To the utmost degree I enjoy digesting
The food for thought in his coy wry jesting.

Though I hate to feed his sense of vanity,
The world needs more of his insane sanity.

Invitation is the sincerest form of flattery—
I invite his soul to produce more Mad Hattery.

But enough, Mr. Nash! If more praise I throwia,
You'll get grandeur delusions or complete paranoia.

FROM PIEDMONT, B. JOE KINNICK sends this report of progress:

BABY BIBLIOPHILE

You may have known
our baby
As a cherub, cute and fat;
As an infant acrobat;
As a gourmet, loving crumbs;
As a sucker, preference
thumbs;
As a howler in the night;
As a spreader of delight.

Hear then of her new appeal.
She is an avid bibliophile.
Books! She loves them, licks
them, chews them,
Pauses now and then and views
them
Seizes them to spank her
bunny,
Smiles and pats them; they are
funny.
Tired, she piles them in a
heap
And pillowed on them falls
asleep.

IN HONOLULU, MEANWHILE, an absent-minded medical student popped up with a request for "Gray's Anatomy in a Country Churchyard." And Dr. D. H. Barnhouse has even more dire tidings from Harvard. A senior there neglected his studies of the Latin poets and was dropped for Juvenal delinquency.

—Bennett Cerf.

SR's Library Poll

THE Irony of Our Age is that despite shorter hours and more leisure more and more Americans seem to feel that the salt has lost its savor. For some reason they are too neurotic or too anxious or too hurried to make of life a wonderful holiday. Perhaps the answer is contained in "How to Live 365 Days a Year," by John A. Schindler (#13 on *SR*'s list), who says that we must keep full of energetic well-being.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Gift from the Sea**
   by Anne Morrow Lindbergh (G)*
2. **Battle Cry**
   by Leon Uris (F)**
3. **A Man Called Peter**
   by Catherine Marshall (G)
4. **My Several Worlds**
   by Pearl Buck (G)
5. **The View from Pompey's Head**
   by Hamilton Basso (F)
6. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)
7. **Gertrude Lawrence as Mrs A**
   by Richard Aldrich (G)
8. **Bonjour Tristesse**
   by Françoise Sagan (F)
9. **Sincerely, Willis Wayde**
   by John P. Marquand (F)
10. **No Time for Sergeants**
    by Mac Hyman (F)
11. **Not As a Stranger**
    by Morton Thompson (F)
12. **I'll Cry Tomorrow**
    by Lillian Roth, Mike Connolly, and Gerold Frank (G)
13. **How to Live 365 Days a Year**
    by John A. Schindler (G)
14. **East of Eden**
    by John Steinbeck (F)
15. **Hadrian's Memoirs**
    by Marguerite Yourcenar (F)
16. **Treadmill to Oblivion**
    by Fred Allen (G)
17. **The Healer**
    by Frank G. Slaughter (F)
18. **The Public Philosophy**
    by Walter Lippmann (G)
19. **Auntie Mame**
    by Patrick Dennis (F)
20. **Two Minutes Till Midnight**
    by Elmer Davis (G)

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* (G)—General
** (F)—Fiction

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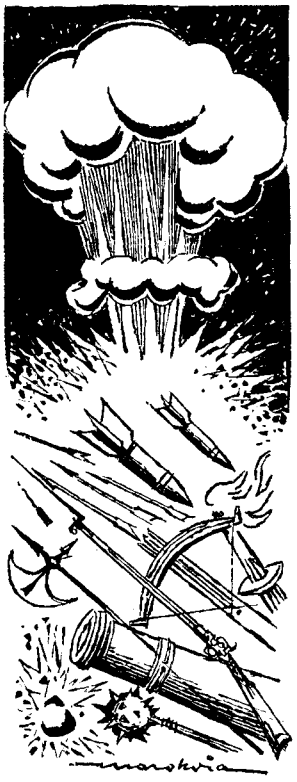
The Saturday Review

JUNE 4, 1955



OUR UNCERTAINTY VS. OUR POLICY

Now Research Professor at the Woodrow Wilson Department of Foreign Affairs in the University of Virginia, Louis J. Halle has also been an author ("Civilization and Foreign Policy"), a naturalist ("Spring in Washington," etc.), and—until last year—a member of the Policy Planning Staff, Department of State. In this SR *article, which he characterizes as an "essay in uncertainty," Mr. Halle tries to suggest the shadows and ambiguity of the future. No plan, he feels, can anticipate more than a small part of what is to come, and no plan should try to.*

By LOUIS J. HALLE

There be many shapes of mystery,
And many things God makes to be,
Past hope or fear.
And the end men looked for
cometh not,
And a path is there where no man
sought.
So hath it fallen here.

EURIPIDES.

SOCRATES was the first to record the discovery that wisdom is the knowledge of one's own ignorance. This is especially true in the realm of prophecy—if you exclude from that realm such mechanical sequences as the days of the week and the revolution of the planets. "It is not given to human beings," said Sir Winston Churchill, who has himself known the responsibility of anticipation, ". . . to foresee or to predict to any large extent the unfolding course of events. . . . In one phase men seem to have been right, in another they seem to have been wrong. Then again, a few years later, when the perspective of time has lengthened, all stands in a different setting. There is a new proportion. There is another scale of values."

Some eventualities we can predict, but not the circumstances of their realization. All of us expect to die, but do not know how or when. The approach of dark clouds heralds a change of weather only at the last minute, and even then they may blow over. In like fashion we can anticipate trouble when we see storm-signals in the international skies; but we cannot foresee its exact shape if it comes, or its impact, or what its end will be.

The present international confrontation of two worlds may culminate in a nuclear war that devastates the globe. Or it may in the course of years shift, dissolve, and be transformed, giving way to new divisions and combinations of power. Is it impossible that some day America and Russia might find themselves allied against China and Japan? Or that the United States and China might make common cause against Soviet Russia? History, including that of our own times, is full of such transformations. No one can tell what will happen. Men's minds change, they acquire new fears and lose the old, their perennial passions find new objects. As political fashions succeed one another new social forces become successively dominant in this country or that. Perhaps we shall now have a war that ends civilization. Or perhaps the remainder of our days will see only relatively small sporting wars; as was the case in the century and a half after the Thirty Years' War, despite the forebodings of those who, having lived through that disaster, doubted the ability of their civilization to survive the destructiveness which war had achieved in their times. All human life may now be wiped out by radiation; or perhaps our civilization will be reduced to the ashes out of which it rises again, like the phoenix, purified and glorious. The bounds of possibility reach from the gates of Heaven to the gates of Hell.

Speculation of this sort, although it cannot be conclusive, is useful in suggesting the area in which our igno-

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rance has scope. Those who know for sure what the future holds may be led into dangerous actions by their certainty. They are the ones who call for great wars or great surrenders because, as they think, they have absolute foreknowledge of what will happen otherwise. That wild gleam in their eyes as they tell you what we must do to be saved is not a symptom of sanity. "Wisdom," said Robert Bridges, "lies in masterful administration of the unforeseen."

Must we reconcile ourselves, then, to walking blindly because we cannot see ahead?

I think not altogether. The long history that mankind has already traversed may suggest the kind of path we continue to tread. If we find ourselves at the brink of a precipice it is useful, as well as comforting, to know that such a position is not unprecedented in human affairs. If we find the path rising it is well for us to recall from experience how soon it may dip again; or if it dips how soon it may rise. Historic experience communicates a sense of plausibility about the future which enables us to exclude from the range of our expectations what is not to be expected in the nature of things. We learn not to look for finality in the solution of our problems, or miracles that will save us from effort and sacrifice. We are kept from the delusion of certainty, and perhaps in the humbleness that comes from the knowledge of our own ignorance we learn the behavior by which we may be saved.

History offers a poor illumination of our present, but it is still the best light we have. By its uncertain beam we may see many features that, after all, are not unique, although we had thought they were.

TOWARD the end of what is called the Bronze Age in Europe and around the eastern Mediterranean men were apparently beginning to settle down, to find peace and prosperity at last in their expanding agricultural pursuits. Here, however, at the dawn of history, with all its promise, a social cataclysm appears to have upset the peaceful and progressive cultures that were developing. Hordes of barbaric nomads came suddenly streaming out of the grasslands of Central Asia, conquering and destroying. They penetrated Europe and the Middle East; they boiled over into India and China. Wherever they went local cultures that had been slowly maturing, cultures that in their nurture had already cost generations of care, were brought to an abrupt and a violent end.

What caused this cataclysm at the dawn of history?

Climatic changes may have had something to do with it. But a prime cause, according to the authors of the Cambridge Ancient History and the archeologists Peake and Fleure, was the development of new techniques and instruments of warfare—techniques and instruments as revolutionary in their way, perhaps, as those that we contemplate with awe in our own world of the present. It was, specifically, the use by the nomads of the horse and the sword in warfare that doomed the settled agricultural peoples, who had never known how to defend themselves except on foot with battle-axes and dirks.

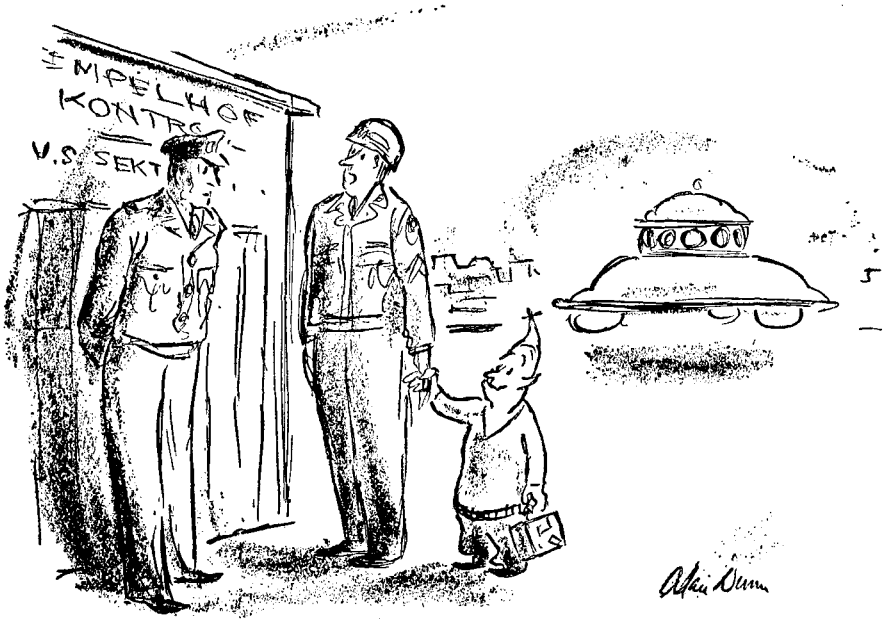
To the people of that time who had begun to know the light of civilization the advent of the horse and the sword must have seemed to spell the triumph of evil and the doom of civilized mankind.

But out of the chaos that ensued, and in a remarkably short time as history goes, we see emerging the great classical civilization of Greece and Rome. Out of the welter of violence came an order superior to anything that mankind had ever known before. As we look back with the perspective and detachment of our distance it now seems plausible to believe that the cataclysm which occurred in the latter part of the second millennium before Christ may have been an essential element in the progress of mankind.

Again in the late Middle Ages we see another social order disrupted by the development of new weapons and techniques of warfare. The feudal order of thirteenth-century Europe virtually depended on the impregnability of the castle and the supremacy in warfare of the armored knight on horseback. The supremacy of the armored knight supported the aristocratic principle in the feudal order; the impregnability of the castle prevented the centralization of power and authority. As long as the knight remained supreme there was not likely to be any development of democracy; as long as the castle remained impregnable there could hardly be any development of national states.

Even before gunpowder came into use the military supremacy of the aristocrat on horseback had been challenged by the yeomen of England in their employment of the longbow at the battle of Crécy. The use in warfare of missiles that were effective in killing at a distance, thereby preventing the hand-to-hand combat that was proper to chivalry, was widely regarded as a threat to the moral order. Gunpowder was even worse. It is doubtful that we, today, are more appalled by the invention of atom bombs than the chivalry of Europe was appalled by the invention of the firearms that seemed to some like the absolute weapon against which there is no defense. The valor and nobility of the upper orders were of no avail against it. It enabled a base-born coward to overcome the most valiant gentleman and take his life. Ariosto saw in firearms an invention of Beelzebub designed "to ruin all the race of humankind." Major General J. F. C. Fuller tells us in his "Armament and History" that "so startling were the successes gained [by organized artillery in the fifteenth century] that a general belief arose in the futility of

(*Continued on page 37*)



"It seems he heard our Voice of America program."

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EIGHTY YEARS OF THOMAS MANN

—*Fred Stein.*

Thomas Mann a decade ago—"work is his saintly friend from whom he will never part."

By MONICA MANN

MY father will be eighty years old on June 6. I got to know him when he was forty. If I was naughty he would shame me with an admonishing lift of his brow, a gentle tap of his ring and manicured fingernails, and his clearsighted, penetrating look. You can be sure that I was ashamed. The mere idea of it was enough for me.

The mere thought of it had its own power. When I went to the cellar where Lina would be shining his shoes—rather ordinary shoes, to be sure—they seemed something very much alive to me. I imagined how these shoes—meticulously tied—walked in sharp rhythm over the paths, carefully sidestepping all puddles and stones. How thoughtfully they were scraped on the mat and lined parallel in front of the door. My father's belongings had an inescapable fate. They radiated life. His energy, clarity, subtle irony, and inner warmth always remained true to the objects belonging to him. The desk laden with ornaments and utensils reflected that elongated, gold-bespectacled, dreaming face of Father as characteristically as his yellow Empire chair—cigar smoke and throat clearing, the dog's leash—a shrill musical whistle, the cup of tea—a comfortably measured sipping, the silken housecoat—a disciplined *Gemütlichkeit*, the Bluethner grand piano—gentle "Tristan" melodies.

Everything has its time and importance. Umbrella and walking stick seemed to look expectantly only to him, as did the cigar trimmer, the Waterman pen, the gingercakes, the Goethe volumes. The black-and-gold pendulum clock seemed to wait only for the moment when his dependable, caressing hands would wind it. If Papa was sick the clock looked hurt and depressed in its corner. Equally hurt was the patient, because the routine had abandoned and betrayed him: he could not work. It hung over his slim, unshaven, somewhat trembling face like a cloud. My father always wants to work. Work is his saintly friend from whom he will never part. Since I have known my father there has hardly been a day that he did not work.

He was always delicate and susceptible, but, yet, basically healthy, I guess. I believe that there are delicate men who have, as it were, a secret inner vitality and who are sensitive and possessed of a deep-seated, immeasurable calmness. My father is one of these men. Whether there are ups and downs at home or abroad, whether he is tired or sad, it does not matter—after breakfast he will sit down with his saintly friend to work.

In every will there is pleasure. Without pleasure one cannot will. There is, for instance, a will to live which is also the love to live. Therefore, the will to work is also the love to work. This strong drive bespoke my father's nature and became his nature. At heart he is a gay man. He loves to be everywhere and everything. When he writes life belongs to him. He hunts it like an eagle and dips his pen into its blood. But he does it out of love. That beautiful eagle's blood continues to live in his books though the eagle must die. He is a sportsman of the spirit, tenacious and courageous. He is also a child who plays with blocks, puts one on top of the other until a cathedral stands in front of him.

My father's work consists of linking life which he experiences—and he does have some experiences—with that which he does not experience so that it becomes art. He hardly knows how to distinguish one from the other. At times he thinks he has invented

(*Continued on page* 39)

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THE ARTIST: When, in 1610, Michelangelo Merisi da Caravaggio died at Port'Ercole of a malignant fever he had already managed to crowd enough art and notoriety into thirty-six years to keep critics, historians, and students of rowdyism fascinated for three centuries. In a period when painting and lawlessness were plentiful Caravaggio's two-sided reputation was a major achievement. For decades his work was a center of controversy. Recently, however, he has enjoyed an astonishing popularity on all sides. In 1951 a Caravaggio exhibition was held in Milan, and in the last three years four books have been written about him. These tell how Caravaggio studied in Milan, then probably went to Venice before going on to Rome, where he promptly displayed his nonconformity by revolutionizing the academic schools and shocking the *popolo*. A naturalist with deep religious feelings, he was a master of *chiaroscuro*, a form he labored over in a studio composed of a skylight and black-painted walls. The moment he put down his brushes, however, he usually took up trouble, and his name appears a number of times in Rome's police records, c. 1600. Among other things, he allegedly threw stones at the police, helped write offensive verse against another painter (he was sued for libel), and, finally, on May 29, 1606, killed a man in a duel after a game of *palla a corda* —a sort of tennis. Forty-eight hours after the tragedy he skipped town. He fled to Naples, then Malta (another fracas), then Sicily (more fracas). The Pope finally pardoned him, but he died en route to Rome. His carryings-on have prompted the Encyclopædia Britannica to call his life "stormy," the Columbia Encyclopedia to call his nature "violent," and the New International Encyclopedia to dash to his defense: ". . . the animosities which he excited involved him in constant quarrels . . . although he certainly did not provoke all the quarrels attributed to him." But a sentence or two later it adds: "It is true, however, that he killed a comrade in a quarrel over a game, and had to leave Rome for this offense." —BERNARD KALB.

FINE ARTS

Rebel Master Reexamined

"Caravaggio Studies," by Walter Friedlaender *(Princeton University Press. 320 pp. 250 illus. $25), is a volume of studies of the life and work of a sixteenth-century Italian painter whose greatness has only recently become widely appreciated. Our reviewer is Wolfgang Stechow, professor of the history of art at Oberlin College.*

By Wolfgang Stechow

UNTIL about twenty-five years ago no great master of the past had been dealt more flagrant and continuous injustice by art historians and critics than Michelangelo da Caravaggio. Long after all other prejudices of academic classicism had been abandoned the cry raised against the great rebel from Lombardy by seventeenth-century writers was still echoing through the most diverse books on the history of art: he was still the vulgar naturalist, the trickster with light and shadow, the *enfant terrible* of the Baroque.

This lack of insight into his real stature was matched by a great uncertainty about his authentic oeuvre; even today textbooks abound with glaring misattributions, from which characterizations of equally glaring inadequacy are derived. This reviewer well remembers the time when, in connection with Caravaggio, few cared to recall Delacroix's prophecy that perhaps one day another vulgar naturalist, Rembrandt, would be considered a greater painter than Raphael. Try as we might, we could not convince more than a handful of people that the clergy of Santa Maria della Scala had been tragically wrong in rejecting Caravaggio's "Death of the Virgin" because the artist had "so disrespectfully represented the Madonna all swollen-up and with bare legs" (which didn't disturb Rubens, who immediately seized upon the painting); nor that his rendering of the two unforgettable pilgrims in the "Madonna di Loreto" as "a man with muddy feet and a woman wearing a soiled and torn cap" is no less profound an expression of the eager pilgrimage of poor and devout country folk than Rembrandt's "Saul" drying his tears on a curtain is the most human proof of his contrition.

The recent rediscovery of Caravaggio's greatness was due to various causes. As it became more and more evident that his paintings, directly or indirectly, had made fundamental contributions to the art of Rubens and Rembrandt, De la Tour and Terbrugghen, Ribera and Velasquez, and even of his Italian antipodes such as Guercino and Reni, the study of his mature style and its international diffusion received high priority among art-historical research problems. At

"Crowning with Thorns."

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the same time, new documentary proofs concerning his birth date, his apprenticeship in Milan, the continual police record of his violent clashes with society, and his dismal end after years of tragic peregrination, were partly the cause, partly the result of a keener interest in the chronological development of his personal style: problems still being widely discussed.

BUT in spite of all this eager probing into the problems of Caravaggio's life and style, which culminated in the great exhibition held in Milan in 1951 and in the recent monographs by Roberto Longhi, Lionello Venturi, and Roger Hinks, one main facet of the phenomenon, Caravaggio, failed to be elucidated: his religious attitude and its impact upon his work. It is in this respect that Walter Friedlaender's "Caravaggio Studies" breaks new ground and achieves greatest distinction. In the beginning of that part of the book which is dedicated to Caravaggio studies proper, Professor Friedlaender patiently, and at the same time brilliantly, throws light upon two of the artist's most commanding religious masterpieces, the "Conversion of Saul" and the "Martyrdom of Saint Peter" in Santa Maria del Popolo in Rome, and defines their place among other representations of the same subjects throughout the history of Western art, including Michelangelo's. This is indeed the soundest method by which to disprove the old notion of Caravaggio as a mere naturalist and to convince the reader of the real greatness of his works, in which profound religious vision, supported by a wise economy of means, gave birth to an art comparable to Giotto's and Masaccio's in monumentality and spiritual depth. In a later chapter, which follows a series of enlightening studies on other aspects of Caravaggio's art, his religious concepts are likened to, and tentatively connected with, the teachings of that "Christian Socrates" Saint Filippo Neri, a man of similar straightforwardness and non-sectarian broadmindedness, who may well have made a deep impression on the fiery and honest young painter.

These penetrating studies—which are just that and do not claim to add up to a definite monograph—are supplemented by a very useful "Catalogue Raisonné" and by the text of all documents and early biographies concerning Caravaggio, in the original language as well as in new, reliable English translations. Sixty-six plates illustrate his oeuvre, and a host of smaller illustrations of paintings used for comparative purposes are inserted in the text. While great care has been bestowed upon assembling this essential part of the book, this reviewer cannot help voicing his disappointment at the somewhat sooty appearance of the collotypes (which, in any case, could never have been as successful as good half-tones), and also at the unfortunate effect of the "bleeding" used in the reproduction of details. As to some of the more puzzling recent attributions, which have been all readily accepted by some other writers of great renown, the author's eloquent silence can well be applauded, even though one may miss his taking a stand on some other problems of this kind.

A fruit of Professor Friedlaender's long career as a greatly beloved teacher and most distinguished scholar, this book will take its place among the truly indispensable tools of instruction and research.

—*Illustrations from the book.*

Detail from "Judith and Holofernes."

THE AUTHOR: In the opinion of art scholars who have known him for the last two decades, or ever since he fled Nazi Germany, Dr. Walter Friedlaender, a short, portly, convivial Professor Emeritus at NYU's Institute of Fine Arts, is "one of the world's outstanding art historians," "a kind of epicurean on the scholarly level," and "a man with a merry twinkle in his eye who is extraordinarily spry for his age." He is eighty-two. Dr. Friedlaender wasn't around the other day to comment on all that; an incorrigible tourist, he had left for Europe in January to reexamine a few *chefs-d'oeuvre*. "Caravaggio, Poussin, and the others—they probably shudder in their graves every time old Friedlaender roves his supercritical eye over their work," a colleague of his says. In the years before he studied art Dr. Friedlaender's eye roved over Sanskrit, the field in which he got his Ph.D. at the University of Berlin around 1900. However, Italy then beckoned, and he went. Art began taking up more and more of his time, and philology fell by the wayside. He was a professor in the history of art at Freiburg University at the start of World War I, and he stayed on, writing and amassing honors, until Hitler goosestepped into history. Dr. Friedlaender left. He arrived in the U.S. at an age when most men take it easy, but he plunged deeper and deeper into his work, roaming the nooks and crannies of the last few centuries of art. One of his greatest achievements was defining the positive aspects of a style of art that had been largely misunderstood, the style in the period after the High Renaissance, between 1520 and 1580, that is now known as Mannerism. When he is not busy with scholars who beat a path to his office he is busy with his students, all of whom are invariably smitten by him. No great shakes as a lecturer, he teaches by muttering an odd amalgam of English, German, and Italian that attains a kind of eloquence by osmosis. To his students he is often a father-confessor; they discuss not only their scholastic but their personal problems with him. They call him "Papa." —B. K.

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Our Past in an Ethos

"The Liberal Tradition in America," by Louis Hartz *(Harcourt, Brace. 329 pp. $4.75), attempts to catch up and interpret all American history in one single, comprehensive theme, which turns out to be the "irrational ethos" of our people. Here it is reviewed by J. H. Powell, author of "Richard Rush: Republican Diplomat."*

By J. H. Powell

LOUIS HARTZ'S new book, "The Liberal Tradition in America," offers a theory of history, a "single-factor analysis" which reduces all the American past to one Least Common Denominator, called by the author "the concept of a liberal society." He means by that phrase the unanimous acceptance on the part of every American of the individual as the unit of society. Locke, he says, is "a massive national cliche." He regrets it; he sees a danger in this "tyranny of opinion," whose "compulsive power has been so great that it has posed a threat to liberty itself."

American historians have, he begins, repeated endlessly the "storybook truth" that America was settled by people fleeing the feudal and clerical oppressions of the Old World. But still the historians have steadily failed to interpret our history in the light of that fact. They should base their interpretive structure, Hartz believes, on the fundamental postulate that America never had a feudal age.

In Europe feudalism survived down to the near-present, and feudalism was the source of its own nemesis, Socialism (for "the hidden origin of Socialist thought everywhere in the West is to be found in the feudal ethos. The *ancien régime* inspires Rousseau; both inspire Marx.")

America, lacking both feudal and Socialist tradition, possesses a "natural" liberalism—"an absolute and irrational attachment" for Lockean atomism, for Lockean doctrines of individual personality. This irrational Lockeanism characterizes all Americans, however they may differ on the surface. Conflicts that have existed in our society have never reached deep enough to alter this basic general will, this universal, somehow innocent and naive acceptance of Locke's simple individual freedom.

De Tocqueville said—in this sentence Professor Hartz apparently found the seed of his theory, and his inspiration—the American's great advantage was that he had arrived at a state of democracy without ever having to endure a democratic revolution: "He is born free without having to become so." In our century the Lockean American liberal community, schooled in its isolationist historiography, with no oppressive feudal regime behind it and no true Socialist tradition, is obliged to lead the Western world. Can a people born free ever understand peoples elsewhere that have to become so? In Dr. Hartz's analysis, apparently not unless America discovers "a new level of consciousness, a transcending of irrational Lockean, in which an understanding of self and an understanding of others [will go] hand in hand."

NOW this is a clever book, a spirited book, decorated with learned, frequently oblique references to political theorists and public figures little known to American readers, and full of brittle epigrams of the academic sort. It is likewise annoyingly full of ethos. Dr. Hartz speaks of the feudal ethos, the bourgeois ethos, the "ethos of the small and independent liberal," the "property-owning, entrepreneurial ethos of Locke," an "absolute moral ethos," the "success-failure ethos," and, of all things, the "Horatio Alger ethos." But it is the theory that is the important thing, and since an historical theory is its own excuse for being it must be discussed on its own terms. As in Toynbee, Hegel, Marx, and Bergson, so in Dr. Hartz's more modest effort, the theory is *a priori*. Historical facts have little to do with a theoretical analysis, worse luck. And the facts of American history get brisk, casual treatment here.

On its own terms, therefore, in terms of its own assumptions and value-judgments, I object to Dr. Hartz's "single-factor analysis" for these specific reasons:

I believe a single factor is an unwieldy, unusable tool for historical interpretation.

I believe American historians myth of escape from feudal and clerical domination as Dr. Hartz charges.

I believe De Tocqueville was wrong, that America did have a major social revolution. I think the concept feudalism is unsuited to the facts it is intended to describe, here, as well as in Marx and Hegel, and history generally; that the historical processes of the nineteenth century cannot be understood in terms of a dialectic between what I conceive to be a nonexistent feudalism and a theoretical Socialism, either in Europe or in America. I think it unhelpful to judge American history by what it never was, and to build a theory of one land on the structure of another's past.

I think that American individualism does not depend upon Locke, stems from him only in part, is in no sense irrational, unanimous, or pervading, is not the general will, and has not been absolute for two generations or even more; has frequently been challenged in our history, and sometimes rejected; and when accepted has been so as the conscious expression of a purposeful belief.

Finally, I do not agree that individualism ("Lockean ethos") constitutes a danger or a barrier to understanding other peoples. I believe that dangers and barriers exist only when Americans abandon the democratic faith that the individual is the unit which society is organized to fulfil. I believe McCarthyism is un-Lockean, and un-American, and belongs to our pathos, not our ethos.

All my beliefs are *a priori*, too. In the realm of historical theory nothing can be proved or disproved. But at least my beliefs permit me to study the evidences of the historical past for their own sake, and not to seek their conformance with theoretical molds they were not shaped to fit. "What is history," said Napoleon, "but a fable agreed upon?" I do not believe it; and while I wish things were simpler in history, they are not, and I would rather accept the complexity of the past than agree upon an academic fable.

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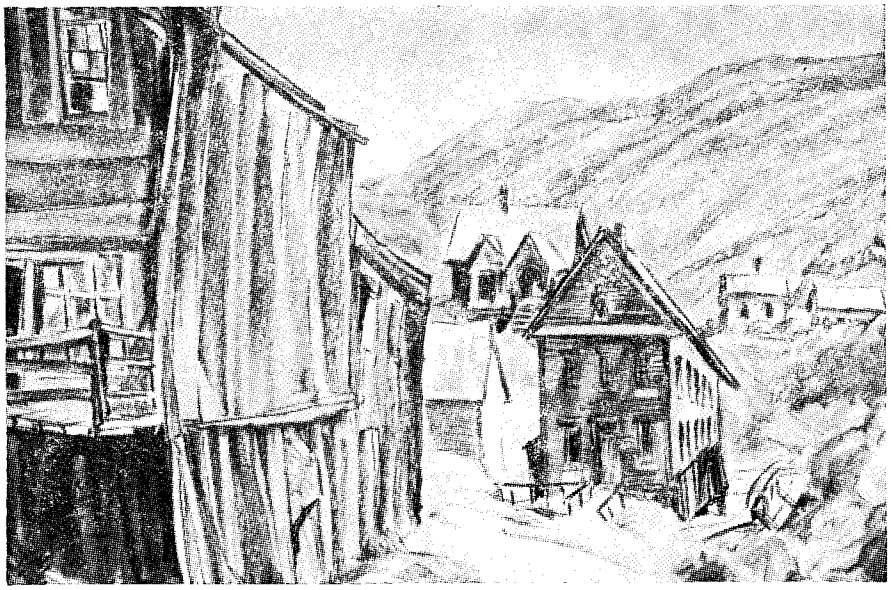

—From "The Bonanza Trail" (Indiana University Press).

Newspaper shop, Masonic temple, Silver City, Ida. (c. 1860)—"the triumph of civilization."

Westward with Tradition

"Culture on the Moving Frontier," by Louis B. Wright *(Indiana University Press. 273 pp. $3.50), is an account of the struggle of Americans over three centuries to hold fast to the tradition and values of Western civilization as they moved from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Our reviewer is Professor Ralph H. Gabriel of Yale University.*

By Ralph H. Gabriel

ONE day in 1607 the *Susan Constant* dropped anchor in the James River and a motley company of Englishmen went ashore. They built a fort, a storehouse, some huts, and a church. So began in America, as England's Elizabethan Age was closing, a dual struggle that was not to end until the last frontier had become a memory. Beginning with Jamestown and carrying on to the end of the nineteenth century, pioneers on the outer edge of settlement battled nature in the form of forests, tough prairie sod, or the deadly blizzards of the High Plains. But more important they fought the ever-present forces that in all times and places tend to drag men and communities into barbarism. From the beginning to the end of the story of the American frontier isolation from centers of civilization and poverty reinforced the drag toward cultural recession. President Timothy Dwight of Yale left a vivid account of the coarseness and ignorance he found among the cabin-dwellers on the frontier around the turn of the nineteenth century.

Louis B. Wright of the Folger Library tells, in "Culture on the Moving Frontier," the story of three centuries of struggle by westward-moving Americans to hold fast to the tradition and values of Western civilization. The "development of American society," he remarks at the outset of his narrative, "from the first settlement of Jamestown until the latest outpost in the Far West has exemplified the contest between the powers of darkness and the forces of light for the soul and the mind of American citizens."

He tells the story well. He describes first the triumph of civilization east of the Appalachians, emphasizing the manner in which both the life of the spirit and of the mind were nourished and encouraged to grow. He notes that, though English tradition never ceased to be a powerful and life-giving force, an indigenous, American version of Western civilization took form that inspired and guided the hopes and dreams of the men and women of the new country. After crossing the Eastern mountains near the end of the eighteenth century Americans spread out with almost incredible swiftness over an area as large as Europe, starting on frontier after frontier the upward struggle from the level of the log cabin or the sod house. Frederick Jackson Turner used to insist that this continual starting afresh in new country and the subsequent rise to stable and cultivated communities was the primary experience that conditioned American life. Mr. Wright tells the story of how a succession of generations of Americans accomplished again and again the triumph of civilization.

DEDICATED men of vision and understanding led "the forces of light" on every frontier. They were preachers, teachers, lecturers, editors. Beyond these Mr. Wright, librarian, sees the narrative as a story of books. He mentions the books in the libraries of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century clergymen, men of affairs, colleges, and cities. Dealing with the country west of the Appalachians, he singles out for discussion such mind- and character-molding books as the McGuffey Readers. He makes clear the immeasurable significance of the Bible not only for the life of the spirit but of the mind in a society where books were few and hard to come by.

In Mr. Wright's story also the churches stand out in a major role as agents of civilization. They not only carried the ancient Christian tradition across the continent bringing morals and decorum to communities difficult to tame, they brought to their people in the custom of congregational hymn-singing the rudiments of esthetic experience. From the churches came colleges, scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific. "Of colleges which have survived at least 182 were founded before the Civil War and many of these were religious institutions established in the Western frontier zones." These institutions, feeble though many of them were, opened for young men and women gates into the world of learning and of letters.

Beside the college in importance was the lecture platform, and Mr. Wright gives us a glimpse of Emerson, Thoreau, Henry Ward Beecher, and others working the lyceum circuit, getting from forty to seventy-five dollars for a lecture. "The country editor," says the Folger librarian in concluding his list of warriors on the side of light, "might not have a polished education himself, but he was usually an advocate of schools, libraries, lecture programs, and other means of bringing literacy and enlightenment to the people."

Mr. Wright has brought into focus one of the most important aspects of our history. His account is balanced and his coverage thorough. Whoever is interested in American civilization will find profit and enjoyment here.

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Visionary Red Men

"Wilderness Messiah," by Thomas R. Henry *(William Sloane Assoc. 284 pp. $4), is a history of the Iroquois, presented in scholarly fashion and with literary charm. John Bakeless, our reviewer, is the author of "Daniel Boone: Master of the Wilderness" and other books.*

By John Bakeless

THE Iroquois, whose history is set forth by Thomas R. Henry in "Wilderness Messiah," might almost be described as America's least appreciated Indians. Inca, Maya, and Aztec civilizations long since found celebrated pens to tell their stories. The Plains Indians, especially the Sioux, had their big clashes with the white man in periods when there were plenty of newspapers to celebrate their battles. Custer actually had a newspaperman along in the campaign which ended in the Last Stand on the Little Bighorn.

Another reason for the Iroquois's relative obscurity is that they did not remain picturesque enemies for many decades, like the Sioux. Sullivan's expedition crushed them in 1779, and since the Revolution their principal villages have been in Canada, though there are still several reservations in New York State.

Yet, as "Wilderness Messiah" shows, the Five Nations gave promise of the most brilliant of all American aboriginal civilizations. If the white man had given them time, by arriving a century or two later, he might have found in New York State an Indian empire rivaling the brilliance of the more southern groups.

The Iroquois organized the first League of Nations, in an effort to ensure peace. To be sure, it didn't succeed. It just led to more wars. But the white man is hardly in a position to criticize the Iroquois for that. The Five Nations were really the first United States (that is, United Tribes) of America. One of their chiefs suggested to his white friends that it would be a very good thing if the American colonists followed the Iroquois example—as in the end they did. The Iroquois set up a humane Indian policy and established the first Indian reservation. This was the Wyoming Valley, where they assigned lands to conquered or subordinate tribes, forbidding them to go to war. They did not always succeed in keeping their wards at peace but, then, neither did the United States.

It is a pity that, with so interesting a story behind them, the Five Nations have had to wait so long for a good, clear, simple, readable, and accurate account of their history. Fortunately, they have found it at last in Mr. Henry's book. Beginning with the far-seeing chief Deganawida, the Messiah who first had the vision of peace among the red men, the book studies the establishment of the Five Nations, the part played by the historical Hiawatha (whom Longfellow fatally mixed up with an Ojibway culture hero), the wars with recalcitrant tribes, the growth of the Iroquois Empire, and finally its partial collapse in the Revolution. There has probably been no better writing about Indians since Catlin and Schoolcraft.

Even though the author has not had the chances of those early observers to see really wild Indians, living an unspoiled primitive existence, he has done the best that can be done in the twentieth century. He has lived with modern Iroquois and tried to understand the vigorous tribal life and the rites of the old-time religion of Handsome Lake, which still persist. The Iroquois are almost unique in that many of them have been able to fit into the white man's life, without giving up the ancient ways. There has been a strong intermixture of white blood, so that many modern Iroquois do not look much like Indians. There have, of course, been many conversions from the old religion. But still in the Long House the drums beat, the chants rise, and the ancient rites are celebrated even today, while—rather pathetically—many a regretful convert crouches in the dark outside to listen secretly. Yet the Iroquois are successful farmers and workers. They make rather better structural steel workers than white men, since heights seem to bother them less. They had one of their chiefs on the staff of U. S. Grant when Robert E. Lee surrendered. Most curious of all is the fact that Lewis H. Morgan's account of ancient Iroquois society strongly interested Karl Marx and was used by Engels as a basis for his "Origin of the Family, Private Life, and the State." This book, based on Iroquois life, was accepted by Lenin and is one of the Communist scriptures to this day!

Basing his work on the standard authorities of years ago, who worked closely to Indians who had actually

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

GOLDEN VOICES

Violette Jordan of Chicago, Illinois, offers capsule characterizations of famous singers who have figured in reasonably recent biographies or autobiographies. She asks you to name the singers. Names of accessible sources are given in the answers, but it is not necessary to include these in computing your score. Identification of seven of the singers will be commendable, eight laudable, nine or ten cause for intense gratification. Answers on page 33.

1. He knew nothing whatever about racing, but every day he searched the racing sheets for news of his namesake. This horse, whose career he followed with unflagging interest, never won a race, but he placed a bet of ten dollars on him every time he ran.
2. During the rehearsal for her New York debut the Battery guns boomed loudly in salute of California's admission to the Union.
3. The name by which she is remembered is a combination of the names of her first and second husbands.
4. He could not be held to a program; he sang only what he felt like singing when the time came to sing. Printed translations of his entire repertoire were distributed and before he sang he would boom out the number of the song to be sung.
5. Strapped in a wheel chair in an upright position, this victim of infantile paralysis sang "The Lord's Prayer" at a Christmas service in a Miami church.
6. She signed her first American contract while sitting in a field of poppies near Paris.
7. When she sang for Jean Sibelius in his home, the great composer said, "My ceiling is much too low for your voice."
8. At Cheyenne, the Wyoming legislature adjourned its meeting and traveled sixty miles out into the country to escort the special train upon which she rode into the city.
9. While singing the role of Violetta in Magdeburg, she snatched the wine glass from Alfredo's hand and dashed it to the floor, causing a methodical bookkeeper of the stage properties to bill her for "Glass Breakage—25 pfennigs."
10. His great-grandfather "made up" the beautiful spiritual that has the refrain "He never said a mumberlin' word."

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lived the old life, and checking this with what modern Iroquois, proud of the Five Nations' tradition can tell him, Mr. Henry has written something very like a minor classic.

A Potent Force

"Henry George," by Charles Albro Barker *(Oxford University Press. 696 pp. $9.50), is a new study of the life and worldwide influence of the inventor of the single-tax idea. Professor Joseph Dorfman of Columbia University, our reviewer, is the author of "The Economic Mind in American Civilization."*

By Joseph Dorfman

THE APPEARANCE of a new book on Henry George calls for an assessment of George's position in American social thought. In 1931 the hard-headed president of Columbia University, Nicholas Murray Butler, asked his colleague Professor E. R. A. Seligman what was the contemporary opinion among economists of George's famous "Progress and Poverty." Seligman replied:

> His emphasis on the principle of privilege has become an abiding part of economic theory and of economic practice to the extent that it has . . . spread . . . the modern idea of economic equality and economic opportunity. This is irrespective of his attempt to limit the concept to one particular kind of privilege which has not been generally accepted. His emphasis on landholding as the chief cause of economic maladjustments, . . . is not accepted by the great mass of thinkers who find the inequality of land conditions to be only one . . . of the minor factors in the problem. His emphasis on the single tax has been almost universally discarded.

This sound judgment still stands. "Progress and Poverty" caught the discontent of the time—1879—and with its trenchant style and its appeal to the humanitarian and religious spirit it aroused the latent idealism of the American people to the need for curbing the excesses of extreme individualism. For the first time a radical book had a very large reading audience, and economic reform became popular. This influence was not restricted to the United States but crossed the ocean to the British Isles.

As a result George's "Progress and Poverty" was a potent force in popularizing and vitalizing economics in the Anglo-American world. Though

(*Continued on page 29*)

FICTION

—From "Southern Harvest," by Claire Leighton (Macmillan).

". . . no magnolias here. Thomas Nelson Page, suh, is dead."

The Unscented South

"A Good Man Is Hard to Find," by Flannery O'Connor *(Harcourt, Brace. 251 pp. $3.50), is a collection of short stories about the Deep South by the author of "Wise Blood." Here it is reviewed by John Cook Wyllie, book editor of the* Richmond News Leader.

By John Cook Wyllie

THE chance of lower middle-class Southerners reading anything at all between hard covers is pretty slim, but the few who do stumble across "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," Miss Flannery O'Connor's volume of poor-white-trash, Bible-Belt short stories, will greet it with the white-lipped sense of outrage reserved in the Deep South for all the literary progeny of "Sanctuary" and "Tobacco Road." There are no magnolias here. Thomas Nelson Page, suh, is dead.

Miss O'Connor deals with revival religion, with the displacement of tenant farmers by D.P.'s, with an insane criminal, a circus freak, a one-legged female Ph.D., a pregnant woman, a stupid schoolteacher, and a tribe of moody and unpredictable Negroes.

This is a sophisticate's eye view of the Deep South. Miss O'Connor is deadpan, unemotional, economical, intense, clinical. She seems used to these calamitous stories, too used to them to have moral judgments about them. She seems like a woman who furtively enjoys the moist itch of her literary athlete's foot. The attentive reader will sometimes even catch her grinning at her own desecrated monument. But the gal can really write.

Some of the stories are scarcely more than pathological documents: "A Stroke of Good Fortune," for example. Miss O'Connor seems to detest most of her women, to have little more than contempt for her men. And her title story, named for a juke-box tune, has serious artistic defects. She deserves, however, to be judged by her best: "The River," "The Artificial Nigger," "Good Country People," and "The Displaced Person." With these she places herself firmly in the first rank of this country's younger women writers, alongside Nancy Hale and Frances Gray Patton, neither of whom she resembles. She lacks Miss Hale's aggressive femininity, Miss Patton's milk of human kindness. Indeed, she is more like Erskine Caldwell, whom she towers above as an artist.

Judged simply as literature these short stories are first rate, but the mint-julep crowd had better leave them alone. They are for the lads who like their gin dry and their olives bitter.

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—From the book.

New-Old Japan

"Some Prefer Nettles," by Junichiro Tanizaki *(translated by Edward G. Seidensticker. Alfred A. Knopf. 202 pp. $3), a novel of 1928 Japan, tells of a marriage that is on the verge of failure, and the traditional and Western forces that work upon it.*

By Ben Ray Redman

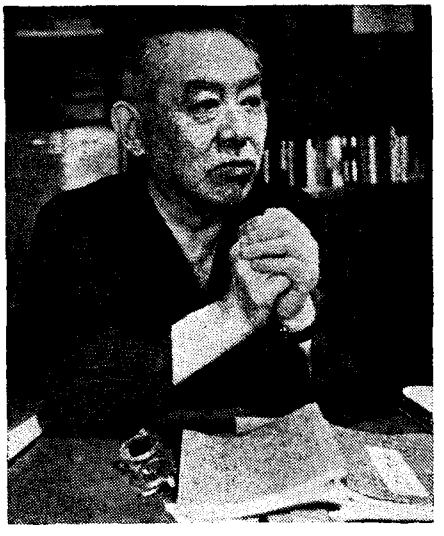
READERS of Junichiro Tanizaki's novel "Some Prefer Nettles" will find themselves doubly in the debt of Edward G. Seidensticker—for a translation that reads as if it must have been done perfectly, and for an introduction that is a graceful, useful essay in literary orientation. Contemporary Japanese fiction is as little known to most Westerners today as was Japan itself when Perry sailed into Yedo Bay one hundred and two years ago. Mr. Seidensticker's introduction prepares us for our journey into unfamiliar territory.

It is probable that many readers, used to the narrative sweep and psychological profundity of the greatest Western fiction, will fail to find greatness in "Some Prefer Nettles." But they will find qualities that add up to an imposing total, whatever they may choose to call that total. They will find exquisite art, keen sensibility, pictorial beauty, a skill in narrative that functions with delightful ease, psychological subtlety, and wit. In short, they will find a novel conceived and executed by a master.

The domestic situation with which this novel is concerned is no more peculiar to Japan than to the United States. On the contrary, it is recognized by the characters involved in it as a "Western" situation. Kaname and Misako, husband and wife, have ceased to interest each other physically. She has taken a lover, with his knowledge, and for some time they have been thinking of divorce, but they cannot bring themselves to the decisive step. One stumbling-block in their way is their young son, whom they fear to hurt, but their actions are really determined by their common inclination towards inaction. Meanwhile, Misako's father—"the old man" of the story, and perhaps its most sharply drawn character—is scheming to bring husband and wife together again.

The situation is, indeed, familiar enough to us. But the social matrix in which it is set is as different from our own as a Japanese puppet play is from a Broadway musical comedy; and the stage properties, if one may call them that, are pleasingly exotic to Western eyes. Tanizaki sketches his picture of Japanese life, *circa* 1928, with a maximum of art and a minimum of apparent effort. His strokes are light, deft, and telling. He depicts a society that was developing marked stresses and strains under foreign pressure; and the tensions of Kaname's and Misako's domestic drama are matched by the greater tensions of the national drama. Misako leans towards Tokyo and Western fashions. The old man and his doll-like mistress, O-hisa, perpetuate the ancient way of Japanese life, symbolized by Osaka as opposed to Tokyo. Kaname is torn between the old and the new, but it is indicated that in his case, as in Tanizaki's own, tradition will win over innovation.

Still, the tensions of the novel remain unresolved, and the problems that it poses remain unsolved—just as Japan's problems remain unsolved today. Mr. Seidensticker warns his readers that Tanizaki shuns the explicit in favor of the implicit, and he quotes his words: "We Japanese scorn the bald fact, and we consider it good form to keep a thin sheet of paper between the fact or the object and the words that give expression to it." There are thin sheets of paper in "Some Prefer Nettles," but they do not balk eyes bent on discovery—indeed, they only add to the pleasures of discovery.



Junichiro Tanizaki—"a master."

Nibelung Revisited

"The Twelve Pictures," by Edith Simon *(G. P. Putnam. 367 pp. $3.95), is a new reworking of the Nibelung saga by a distinguished English historical novelist.*

By Thomas Caldecot Chubb

OF LATE it has become increasingly the practice of that kind of novelist who places his fiction in the past to take legend and treat it as fact. Two years ago, for example, Professor Mario Pei made a sprightly, and, on the whole, convincing tale out of the Roland epic. More recently Marvin Borowsky and Dorothy Roberts, the first in the spirit of "Piers Ploughman," the latter in a penetrating morality, dealt similarly with the son of Uther Pendragon. Latest—and perhaps, even in this company, ablest—was Robert Graves. In his "Homer's Daughter" he was not content merely to consider "The Odyssey" as fact. He went into the facts behind the facts of that epic.

Now Edith Simon, whose "The Golden Hand" set down stirringly the human warp and woof that lay behind the building of a great cathedral, has joined their number. Her massive new novel, "The Twelve Pictures," deals with the most turbulent and stormy of all the Western stories—the Nibelung saga. Nor is she content to deal only with its own many and intrinsic difficulties.

"When I started writing this book," she says, "I found myself continually obstructed by the fact that the Nibelungenlied went directly against the facts of history." Etzel-Attila, Kriemhild-Ildico, Dietrich of Bern-Theodoric, Siegfried-Sigebert of Austrasia: they are the same, but not the same. And in history the Burgundian kings were not lured into Hunland. They were destroyed in their own home.

This conflict Miss Simon tries to resolve by making the legend a deliberate invention. In her frame story Brunhilde does not die, and she and the aged Queen Uta foregather in the latter's ruined minster, and there weave into twelve tapestry pictures the story that they want posterity to know. Though this has been done since by others of the same nation and in the same plight, I personally do not find it convincing. Nor do I find it important.

But when it comes to the story itself it is another matter. The gargoylian psychology that sees apotheosis in a *Götterdämmerung* is perhaps

(*Continued on page* 32)

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The Anglo-American Partnership

—*Burch in the* Chicago Sun-Times.

"Well—If It Will Make Him Happy. . . ."

"Great Britain and the United States," by H. C. Allen *(St. Martin's Press. 1,024 pp. $10), is a history of Anglo-American relations from 1783 to 1952 by the professor of American history at the University of London. It is reviewed here by Geoffrey Bruun, Visiting Professor of History at Mount Holyoke College.*

By Geoffrey Bruun

"OF ALL historical subjects it is possibly true that Anglo-American relations is the most important, as well as the most relevant, to the future of Western civilization." Most scholars who undertake a thousand-page work exaggerate its importance, if only to steel themselves for such an arduous task. Professor H. C. Allen, author of "Great Britain and the United States: A History of Anglo-American Relations, 1783-1952," is more fortunate. He has no need to justify his subject. Few thoughtful people in Britain or America will question his conviction that good relations between the British Commonwealth and the United States are of profound and perhaps critical significance for the Western world.

No general study of these relations as comprehensive as this one has appeared in a generation. The author's qualifications, evident in the work itself, have recently been emphasized by his appointment to the chair of American history at the University of London. As a graduate of Oxford who has served in the British Army, visited the United States, and taught in Australia he possesses the advantages of intensive scholarship enriched by travel and observation. Throughout this long unfaltering labor of appraisal he proves he can be at the same time critical and sympathetic, receptive and realistic. Although it is clear he is happiest and most eloquent when dealing with human equations he has the fortitude to cope when necessary with the cold equations of statistics.

Modestly disclaiming the intention to write "a work of original research based upon primary sources," Mr. Allen has nonetheless done an original study based in large measure on primary sources. His thousands of footnotes and his fifteen-page bibliography attest the breadth of his reading and the scrupulosity of his documentation. He does not insist, however, on spading over again small areas that have been deeply worked already. He draws upon the material and the conclusions available in more specific books and in historical journals, with generous acknowledgment to these many "excellent studies." The one notable limitation in his sources is that he restricts them almost exclusively to works in English or available in English translation.

The volume is laid out in four sections, the first topical in its approach, the remaining three historical. Part I, "The Relationship," discusses the "Two Nations" in terms of their economic, social, political, cultural, emotional, and diplomatic bonds and contacts. The seven chapters that comprise this section might be described as analytical and expository essays. In two hundred pages—a small book in themselves—they define and evaluate the essentials of the total picture.

Part II, "Emancipation," traverses in a hundred pages the critical years from the American War of Independence to 1821, the half-century in which the United States became and proved itself a sovereign and independent power. Here the treatment is in the main chronological. But Mr. Allen is not concerned to repeat a familiar narrative; his aim is to assess and clarify, behind the sequence of events, the conditions and pressures that transmuted without destroying a vital relationship.

Similarly in Part III, "Isolation," which covers the years 1821-1898, the order of treatment is sequential and the major events are there.

THE final section, "World Power," is much the longest. Its five chapters fill almost half the book although their attached dates bridge only fifty-four years. Entitling them American Imperialism (1898-1912), World War I (1912-1921), Isolationism (1921-1939), World War II (1939-1945), and World Leadership (1945-1952), Mr. Allen reconstructs the frame and clarifies the course of Anglo-American cooperation in the twentieth century with justice, amplitude, and skill.

He never forgets that relationships between nations are at bottom relationships between people. Especially in this final section he insists upon the importance of mutual liking (or deplores the occasional lack of it) between British and American officials in high places. He rightly stresses the services rendered by such admirable British ambassadors as the Marquess of Lothian at Washington. He notes the good fortune that sent the unassuming John G. Winant to London in the critical year 1940. But it is, of course, the cordial and historic friendship that Roosevelt and Churchill developed and the conciliatory talents Eisenhower displayed in his European commands that claim the fullest discussion here.

Some clues and factors in Anglo-American understanding receive less adequate attention. The part played by the British dominions after they achieved self-government might have been given more attention. The theatre and the press, especially cartoons, caricatures, and the comics, are scanted: they were more widely influential than the novels and travel sketches. One could wish for more comment on the contrast between British and American humor, and between the British and American character, themes that D. W. Brogan and Henry Steele Commager among others have recently explored so delightfully.

But it is ungracious to seek deficiencies in a volume of such scope and richness when the exigencies of space and not the author are probably to blame. This is a major work of immediate and enduring value. Mr. Allen's devotion to the ideal of Anglo-American solidarity, his fair and eloquent defense of its importance in the past and greater importance in the present, should earn him the acclaim and gratitude of all who share his faith that the Anglo-American partnership will remain the hope and bulwark of the Western world.

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P. M. from Wales

"Tempestuous Journey: Lloyd George, His Life and Times," by Frank Owen *(McGraw-Hill. 784 pp. $7), is the story of Britain's Prime Minister in the crucial years at the end of World War I. Here it is reviewed by William B. Willcox, author of "Star of Empire: A History of Britain as an Empire."*

By William B. Willcox

ANY POLITICIAN whose career spanned the half-century between the 1890s and the 1940s is sure to leave a legacy of problems for his biographer. But Lloyd George left a Pandora's Box—problems of emphasis, of tracing the narrative thread through endless political tangles, of interpreting a spirit as tempestuous as the times themselves. Frank Owen, in his new "Tempestuous Journey: Lloyd George, His Life and Times," tackles these problems conscientiously and at length. The result is massive rather than brilliant, but offers something to almost any reader's taste.

The problem of emphasis has no perfect solution. Lloyd George, for all his political longevity, was in office for only sixteen years and Prime Minister for six; the climax of his career was even shorter, the two-and-a-half years between December 1916 and the signing of the peace treaties. How, then, is a biographer to allocate his space? Mr. Owen devotes two-thirds of it, some five hundred pages, to the years in office. These chapters are the meat of the story, but they are necessarily sandwiched between others of a different character. The beginning deals primarily with Wales, and is hard going for any reader who is not emotionally Welsh. The conclusion deals with the decades after 1922, and is equally hard going for a different reason: Lloyd George's rocket had burned itself out by the time he resigned, and the fall of a charred stick is anticlimax.

The problem of disentangling the narrative thread demands more skill and understanding of history than Mr. Owen possesses. Time after time the story is obscured by details, and the reader left with a dim or distorted sense of what is happening. The domestic conflict of 1909-1914, for example, appears as a mere quarrel of politicians, not as the social and constitutional cleavage that brought Britain close to civil war. The shelving of Asquith in 1915-1916, the collapse of the Coalition Government in 1922, and the subsequent disruption of the Liberal Party are described circumstantially and confusingly, without making clear the essential character of these events and, much more important, the cause-and-effect relationship between them. There is no hint of the crucial fact that Liberalism was being torn in two by the pull of Laborites and Conservatives, or that this vast political realignment, and not a chapter of accidents, was the reason why Lloyd George was pushed from the stage. His failure to realize what was happening gave pathos to his subsequent efforts at a comeback; the same failure in his biographer leads only to such absurdities as the statement that in 1931, on the eve of an election in which the Liberal Party shrank to a ghost (or three quarreling ghosts), nothing but Lloyd George's illness prevented his "dominating the Government."

The chapters on the war and the peace-making are the heart of the book. They have some weaknesses, notably a belittling of the role played by the United States in general and President Wilson in particular. Other aspects of the period, however, are clearly and cogently presented. Perhaps the most fascinating, because of its relevance to the present, is the struggle between Lloyd George and the British generals. He was battling for a principle of civilian control that is not yet secure, and presumably will not be as long as war threatens the democracies. But the strength of the principle today is due in considerable measure to the pugnacious fight that he and his allies, especially Churchill, put up against the military caste of a generation ago.

Pugnacity was the keynote of Lloyd George's character, as Mr. Owen makes abundantly clear. The interpretation of character is the only biographical problem that he solves with conspicuous success. His title, which is not only arresting but accurate, sets the tone of all that follows. Lloyd George resembled the first Lord Shaftesbury in his love of the tempestuous:

> Pleased with the danger,
> when the waves went high
> He sought the storms.

Mr. Owens does not sentimentalize this fighting instinct or make it synonymous with heroism; he merely attempts to show the man as he was, with all his contradictions of kindliness and arrogance, humor and cruelty, and much of the time lets him speak for himself. The reader closes the book with a sense of having broadened his own experience by encountering a giant, and what sticks to his mind is not the shortcomings of the biographer but the reality of Lloyd George.

King's Minister

STATESMAN-LITTERATEUR: Duff Cooper (later Viscount Norwich) first came to his country's attention by marrying Lady Diana Manners, England's reigning Beauty after World War I. Since Cooper was then only a minor official in the Foreign Office, her father, the Duke of Rutland, objected strenuously, but the two married anyway and continued so in seeming bliss. However, such warming personal details are few in Duff Cooper's autobiography, **"Old Men Forget"** (Dutton, $5). In it the dapper, formidable little man, who used a combination of level-headedness and snobbery to become a Cabinet Minister, liaison man between Churchill and De Gaulle, and finally postwar Ambassador to France, confines himself chiefly to viewing the involutions of British politics during his lifetime. It is a close view for the author was on a first-name basis with the greats of his time and references to "Winston," and "Anthony," as well as numberless others, dot his pages. But though Duff Cooper passed his time out of political office writing excellent biographies of Talleyrand and Lord Haig, he did far better by such subjects than he has done by himself. "Old Men Forget" comes to real life only when discussing the Munich crisis, over which Cooper resigned the Cabinet, and De Gaulle, of whom he writes, "There was a quality in his superb intransigence that compelled my unwilling admiration." For the rest, there are hidden nuggets that will aid historians in evaluating events, but the general reader will find himself lost in a maze of Cabinet meetings and extracts from contemporary diaries. The author died a year ago. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

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FRANCE

Agonizing Armistice

"France: The Tragic Years, 1939-1947," by Sisley Huddleston *(Devin-Adair. 360 pp. $5), is an apologia for the Vichy regime written by a British newspaperman who witnessed its creation and dissolution. Our reviewer, Paul Farmer, is the author of the forthcoming "Vichy: Political Dilemma."*

By Paul Farmer

FOR more than ten centuries the history of France has been a lucid epitome of the history of Western Europe. Medieval France provides the classical example of feudalism, as Louis XIV symbolizes royal absolutism, while Jacobinism and Bonapartism serve as generic terms. France still has this faculty of epitomizing the experience of Europe. Too many Americans have lately dismissed France from their concern simply because she no longer has dominating power in world affairs.

Yet we shall never understand the plight of Western Europe in our time until we understand the crisis in which France has been living since 1940. For fifteen years France has been in the position of a weaker power, caught in the midst of a titanic struggle between far mightier adversaries. For four years the struggle was between the Axis and the Anglo-American bloc, ultimately in alliance with Russia. Now it is between the United States and Russia. France cannot largely affect the outcome of this struggle, but neither can she disengage herself from it.

The problem confronting France since 1940 is not exceptional. The issues facing her in 1940 were the same as those facing the Belgians and the Dutch, the Danes and the Norwegians. And they are the same as those now facing the Czechs and the Poles, the Austrians and the Germans. For this reason, the history of Vichy has a meaning that far outreaches the bounds of France and the period of 1940-1944. And since its history has come to an end, we can appraise it with the advantage of hindsight and some degree of cool detachment.

The era of the Vichy regime was obviously a time of tragedy, but the tragedy involved much more than the obvious pathos of a nation, once proud and strong, being suddenly reduced to a pitiful helplessness. A nation as old as the French well knows, as Marshal Pétain put it, that "neither victory nor defeat endures, but only France."

The tragedy began, it is true, with the realization, which came to the French with brutal suddenness in the spring of 1940, that France was no longer able to defend herself. Instead, she was forced to submit to the dictates of a stronger power—Germany—as now she must bend to the wishes of the United States, and as she may be obliged, sometime in the future, to "collaborate" with a Russian occupation.

The decision to sign an armistice with Germany in 1940, though painful, was not dishonorable. But once taken that decision only raised two new problems: How was France to yield to the Axis, yet avoid sinking into utter servitude? And how were the French to protect their interests, while constrained to cooperate with the Germans, against the eventuality that the Axis would finally be defeated?

THE tragedy of Vichy was that numberless thousands of honest men recognized the hateful necessity of signing the armistice, but did not see as clearly the problems arising after the armistice. Because support of the Vichy regime was right in 1940, they persuaded themselves that honor and duty required them to support that regime to the bitter end, even after the downfall of the Axis was certain, and "collaboration" with the Germans became the mark of indubitable treason.

One of the victims of this tragedy was the late Sisley Huddleston. Having spent twenty years in France between 1919 and 1939, as a diplomatic correspondent for English newspapers, he chose to remain in France after the German conquest, to share France's travail as earlier he had shared her happier days. Indeed, he went so far as to apply for French citizenship, which he received by act of the Vichy Government. His recent book, "France: The Tragic Years, 1939-1947," finished only shortly before his death in 1952, is an apologia, presenting the history of Vichy as it appeared to one of the honest men who supported the regime.

His book deserves to be widely read. Few readers will accept the whole of the author's argument in defense of the regime. But they should show him the understanding and indulgence due all the honest men who, like him, became unwitting victims of the tragedy which is his theme.

—National Gallery of Canada.

"Dunkerque," by Richard Eurich—"neither victory nor defeat endures, only France!"

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French Tragedy

"Assignment to Catastrophe," by Major General Sir Edward Spears *(A. A. Wyn. Vol. 1: "Prelude to Dunkirk," 332 pp. Vol. 2: "The Fall of France," 333 pp. $5 each vol.) is a study of the military and political collapse of France in World War II by a Briton who served as liaison officer. It is reviewed here by Gordon Harrison, editorial writer for* The Detroit News *and former U. S. army historian.*

By Gordon Harrison

WHEN World War II began in September 1939 Edward Spears was out of uniform, sitting in the House of Commons as the Conservative member for Carlisle. His situation even then was peculiarly fortunate for an historian. A lifelong Francophile, friend of Winston Churchill, retired brigadier general, author of two brilliant studies of the First World War, one of a small band of anti-Munich Conservatives, he was already deeply involved in the struggle to save England and France from the appeasers, already committed personally and politically to Churchill, and already in a position where his intimate knowledge of two countries, his contacts with the leaders of both, and his own prestige set him at the center of the drama then developing. Shortly after Churchill became Prime Minister, and Hitler's armies moved into the Lowlands, General Spears went to Paris as Churchill's personal representative to French Premier Paul Reynaud.

Most of "Assignment to Catastrophe" is a day-by-day account of that mission. Since this is a book published fifteen years after the event by a man who has read widely and thought deeply, it could have been a full-dress military history. It is not. It is something both more limited in scope and richer in human meaning. With a novelist's intuition and skill, General Spears has stuck rigidly to his own point of view, permitting the reader to see only what he saw as Churchill's *alter ego* working among the leaders of France in the effort to stiffen them with the Churchillian will.

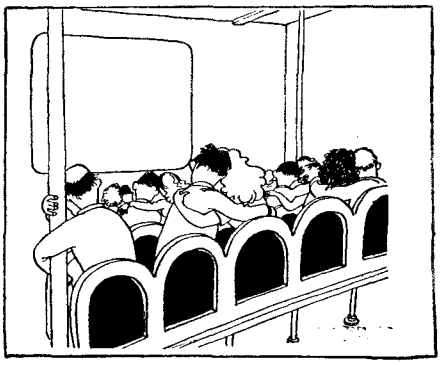
The result is, of course, not objective, but neither is it ever mere personal reminiscence. As protagonist General Spears had precisely those qualities most likely to illuminate the drama he witnessed. His two great loves—for Churchill and for France—involved him emotionally on both sides of the struggle and forced him to seek the truths about men in something like their real complexity. His philosophic anchor—the irrepressible sense of being English—provided on the other hand uncompromising standards by which to measure the disintegration of his beloved France. As artist General Spears makes full use of the intensity which this personal vision affords.

THROUGHOUT the two volumes of the book the recurrent and haunting theme is why did these things happen? How was it possible that a nation, possessing what was reputedly one of the best armies in Europe and unquestionably one of the greatest military traditions, should break like an eggshell at the first touch of war? Was France betrayed? Was she rotten with too much civilization or too much democracy? Were her generals foolish, her leaders incompetent, corrupt? Or was blitzkrieg irresistible under the conditions then existing?

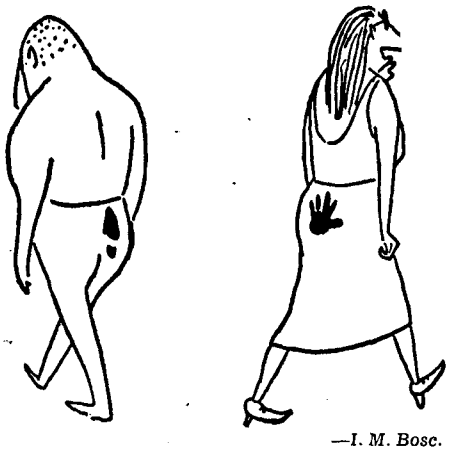
A book that asks big questions should not offer small answers. General Spears is aware that many things were ill-managed in France in 1940 and for two decades before, but no one of the nation's manifest shortcomings meant the difference between victory and defeat. If the sicknesses of France had a common virus, it must be found in Frenchmen, great and small, leaders and led, politicians and soldiers. And it must be searched out in the heart, for General Spears believes it is only when the heart is wasted that a nation surrenders. So this first-hand report on what Frenchmen said and did in their hour of crisis becomes a study of the devitalizing of a great people.

During the "phony" war in the fall and winter of 1939-1940 a plan was developed on Churchill's suggestion to destroy bridges and disrupt barge traffic on the Rhine by launching chains of floating mines in the upper river. Compared to the commitments of the Western powers to enter the war in full support of Poland, the operation envisaged an offensive so minimum as to be almost frivolous.

Yet the French Government, General Spears reports, rejected even this as too bellicose! They feared it would antagonize the Germans and invite re-



—Bernard Aldebert.



—I. M. Bosc.

TRES GALLIQUE: The cartoons reproduced at the left, although they come from two separate books—**"Love from France,"** edited by Brant House (A. A. Wyn, $2.50), and **"Frankly, I Don't Get It"** (Hanover House, $1.50)—have one thing in common: they are the work of French artists. And, as you would expect, these and most of the other cartoons in both books deal with just one subject: *l'amour*. There are a hundred or so variations on this pleasant theme, some amusing, some obvious, some downright macabre. Sometimes one or another of the cartoonists feels that his subject matter needs a line or so of English to explain it. Generally, however, the cartoonists feel no such need at all and, whether or not they are explained in English, all the cartoons have very little trouble remaining—to use just one good English word—very *French*.

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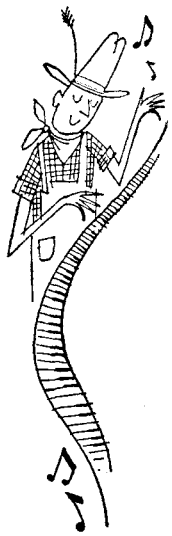
taliation by air bombardment they were not prepared to defend against. The decision General Spears attributes to Daladier, architect of Munich. But the fact that Daladier remained in the War Cabinet under Reynaud with power to frustrate even that much military initiative is eloquent of the helplessness of France in her need.

Although Daladier was pushed out in May, defeatism remained. The men of Vichy were already strong in the Government of Paris. General Spears does not suggest that they constituted a conspiracy subverting the nation's will. It was not that simple and it was much more serious. Defeatism prevailed simply because it could be tolerated at all. The key lies in Paul Reynaud, a kind of minor tragic hero who loved his country, hated the Nazis, admired Churchill, and wished to be strong. But Reynaud could never struggle free of the scheming, the folly, and the lethargy of those around him. General Spears was fond of Reynaud, believing him brave and often inspired. He sees the premier as both principal and victim, fighting against desperate odds but failing as a leader in ways so exasperatingly self-evident to one who stood at Churchill's side. Something, perhaps, was due to the sinister influence of Madame de Portes, a singularly unattractive *femme fatale* as portrayed here. But the essential fault was Reynaud's double weakness as an unstable personality and as head of a dispirited nation. Thus Pétain was kept in the Cabinet because France, worshiping the symbol of past glory, was indifferent to the present reality of a foolish old man. General Weygand remained as commander-in-chief because Reynaud himself, even when faced with gross incompetence, had not the imagination or will to find and defend an alternative.

The French had better generals than Weygand, stronger potential leaders than Reynaud. Yet Reynaud was probably the strongest leader who could have risen to head a nation which for twenty years had learned to make peace with evil by pretending that the devil at the door was not so bad as others that could be imagined. Weygand was the product of the chaos which a tired democracy had tolerated between wars in its military establishment. He was, like Petain, a relic of the great past imposed on a disordered present that he could neither understand nor control.

Because General Spears writes wisely of men he writes more than a record of the past. Like all human classics, "Assignment to Catastrophe" does not so much read a lesson as hold

(*Continued on page* 36)



Vice Verses

By Felicia Lamport

GREGIOUS ERROR

Many a new little life is begot
By the hibited man with the promptu plot.

SOUND AND SIDIOUS

A pianist who'd played for the highbrows
Caused a critical lifting of eyebrows
When he signed with a hillbilly band.
He explained why he'd taken this stand:

"I've had plenty of probrium, lots of solescence,
But not enough funds to buy delicatessens.
Time after time I have given my all,
But I never made much of a Carnegie haul.

"I loved being veighed for by critics I played for
But the time had arrived to do things I get paid for.
I'll frankly admit that it's Bach-breaking work,
But it makes me pecunious, digent, and serk."

UTTERABLE WISDOM

The wife of a brilliant, becilic professor
Should never show anity too.
Unless she admits that her brain is the lesser
Their marriage will never stay skew.

SCREEN STAR

He was known from here to Quito
To both lowly and élite. Oh
How the populace would gape
When he went abroad cognito
In his handsome Verness cape!

TRAUGHT THOUGHT

Life would be such a nice broglio,
Running so smoothly and mok,
If I had a little portfolio
Full of negotiable stock.
And if it were tax-exempt,
I would be gruntled and kempt.

SHORT MORAL TALE

The businessman whose ways are licit
Seldom shows a handsome ficit,
Seldom winters in Miami.
Ah! but friends, his name has famy!

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Are the Humanities Worth Saving?—I

IN HIS sentimental moments even the tycoon sometimes puts in a word for the good old days and he may, like Henry Ford, support a museum to preserve their relics. In somewhat similar fashion nearly everybody professes to regret "the neglect of The Humanities." Any discussion of education or of contemporary civilization is likely to include a formal bow in the direction of Culture much like the equally formal bow in the general direction of Religion. "Oh yes, I almost forgot. There is also God and the humanities—very important things of course, though I haven't time to discuss them now."

Nevertheless, the tycoon is not anxious to bring the good old days back and relatively few people are actively interested in the humanities no matter how seriously they profess to take them. Compare the contents of any "class magazine" with that of a corresponding publication of the nineteenth century; compare, for example, the modern *Harper's* or *Atlantic* with the same magazine two generations ago. Politics, sociology, and—to a lesser extent—science have now almost a monopoly. Any sort of writing whose appeal is primarily to what are still somewhat vaguely called "cultural interests" is almost nonexistent. Yet it was the staple of these same magazines not so very long ago. About such things their public has obviously ceased to care very much.

If, despite the parlousness of the times, there really is a case for The Humanities why does the public continue indifferent? Can it be because that public, though willing to support liberal arts colleges much as it is willing to support churches, is not very clear in its own mind what the humanities are about or what they are for? Would it be wise for a time to talk less about their sad neglect and more about what, if anything, they are?

THE word itself is exceedingly vague. Interpret it broadly as "whatever concerns the human being" and there isn't much it cannot be made to include. Interpret it as narrowly as it is sometimes interpreted and it ceases to mean much more than "polite accomplishments," analogous to the needlework and flower-painting which ladies were once supposed to dabble in, principally in order to demonstrate that they really were ladies rather than something economically and socially inferior. Those—and there are many—who unconsciously define the word thus quite properly relegate all the activities it implies to idle upper-class ladies and to those timid, ineffectual males who are tolerated in a realistic society because of the entertainment they provide for these same refined ladies.

A subtler approach is the attempt to give real meaning to the concept "humane" by a process of elimination. In contradistinction to what are certain pursuits so described? To that question the Renaissance scholars who gave us the word would probably have replied something like this: "Why, humane learning is so called to distinguish it from divine learning or theology; also, of course, in contradistinction to those 'illiberal' studies merely mechanical or immediately utilitarian in their aims. More specifically, 'human' means what you find in the writers of Greece and Rome."

Unfortunately, time has tended to destroy the usefulness of these definitions without supplying us with a good one that is currently workable. "The humanities" does not mean merely the Greek and Roman classics because, however valuable or even indispensable they may be, they do not now contain all humane knowledge. "Humane" does not mean merely "profane" as opposed to "sacred," because nearly everything with which the modern world concerns itself is "profane" in that sense. And, though the term still does mean "without immediately useful application," the development of the sciences has raised a new confusion. They are no longer necessarily "illiberal" and they are not always merely immediately practical in their aims.

Deny the adjective "humane" to all scientific knowledge and you impoverish the concept of the humanities to a point where it is even more likely to suggest little more than "elegant accomplishments" plus "a pious concern with the notions and achievements of the past." You encourage the idea that the humane is not merely non-scientific but actually anti-scientific; that it implies a flight from modern knowledge and that therefore "the humanist" is necessarily some sort of old fogie, a quaint and curious adherent of a lost cause, worth tolerating only because he embodies some charm to which we make a faint nostalgic response.

At the other extreme is the position taken up in the late nineteenth century by those who followed the lead of Huxley. To them modern science is simply the form which humane learning has assumed in our time. Chemistry and physics and biology *are* Culture. To study them is to not only master specific facts but to reap at the same time all the benefits supposed in the past to accompany the study of the classic curriculum.

WHEN we lament today the neglect of the humanities or discuss solemnly what should be done about it we get nowhere, partly because we do not define what we mean by the term and frequently vacillate between several possible meanings. Even when we try to face the crucial question of the relation between and the rival claims of "the sciences" and "the humanities" we seldom get beyond two vague notions: first, that the sciences are "humane" when they are taught as "cultural" rather than "professional" subjects and, second, that "the humanities" include also certain con-

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siderations and concerns which science cannot or at least does not yet take into consideration. But neither of these notions is very precise or very helpful. What are "the cultural aspects" of science and what, if anything, are the realities with which science cannot or does not deal?

Of these two questions the second seems to me the more important as well as the more difficult. Unlike certain nineteenth-century educators, we are aware that the physical sciences are not merely utilitarian. We no longer dismiss college courses in chemistry as "stinks" or assume that physics is merely something which the future engineer must learn. Science has influenced philosophical, ethical, and religious thinking so profoundly that even those who regard the so-called scientific philosophies, religions, and systems of ethics as erroneous must recognize that any "cultured" man needs to know something about them as surely as a cultured atheist needs to know something about Christian doctrine and history.

But there is much less agreement on the other question. If the modern humanities are still to be something more than "science taught in such a way as to emphasize its cultural values" along with, perhaps, a certain amount of historical and antiquarian lore, then what is this something? What is its hard core? Is it anything except some knowledge of those irresponsible fancies with which the prescientific age permitted itself to dally and which we try to regard with condescending tolerance? Are there any important "humane truths" which are non-scientific?

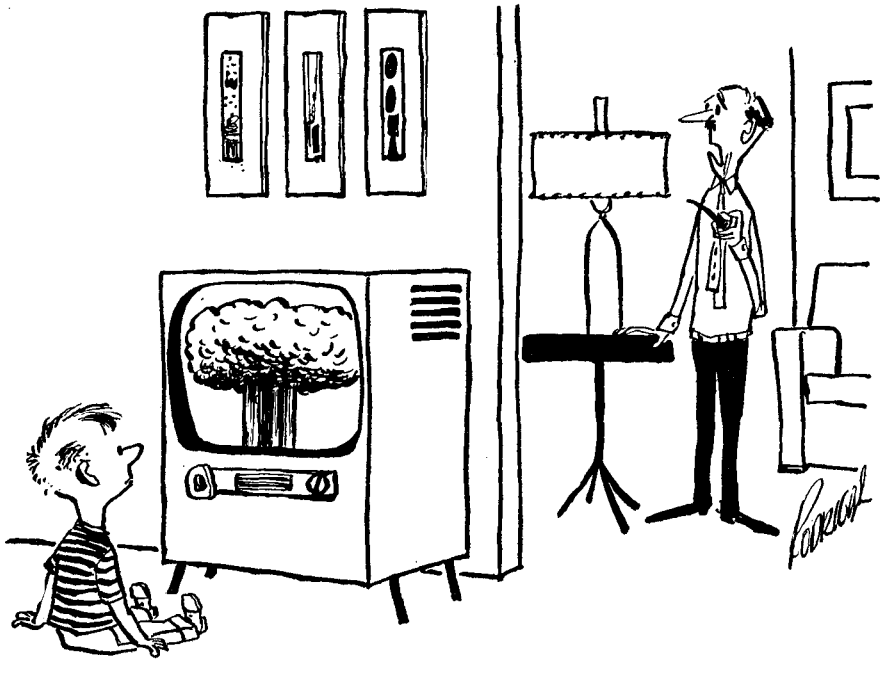
MOST of us who call ourselves humanists do believe that we deal with such truths. But we have not succeeded very well in making them seem real to others. Discuss the humanities with any scientifically minded person. Even though he is one of those who will grant, at least for the sake of peace, that "the humanities ought not be neglected," the chances are that he will find it very difficult to say why or to imagine what these same humanities may be unless they are, essentially, not much more than a game some find it nostalgically agreeable to play with the naive, disorderly, and usually erroneous notions which amused the childhood of our civilization. That there are any realities which can only be investigated by non-scientific methods he can hardly believe. Yet unless there are really some such then we take the humanities too seriously rather than not seriously enough.

Sometimes—though not often enough—official science admits that its field, though large, is limited; that its methods are not applicable to every subject of investigation; that it is not, in a word, omnicompetent. Yet it has extended its range so widely and produced results so impressive that neither the scientist himself nor the public which he has so properly impressed pays much attention to disclaimers. Both are prone to believe that the limitations of science leave little reality unexplored. And since we can hardly expect the scientist, even at his most modest, to define for us what he does not claim as part of his province, we must define it for ourselves and what I propose is simply this: let us examine the positive claims rather than the negative admissions of science and see what that leaves over as a possible subject with which the humanities alone may deal in their admittedly less positive manner.

By science's more modest practitioners we are sometimes told that its subject matter is *all objectively verifiable truth,* and that its method is *experimental verification.* It deals with what can be proved and, especially, *with what can be measured.* Could we then define the humanities by stating a simple opposite? "Humane learning and humane studies are those which concern themselves with what cannot be experimentally verified and is not susceptible of measurement." That I think would clear the air.

SCIENCE has often misled the age when scientists have claimed scientific authority for statements which were not based upon any experiments and did not involve any accurate measurements. The humanities have often done themselves a disservice when, as often, they have rejected genuine scientific truths or when, as is nowadays more common, especially in connection with fiction and drama, they have claimed a kind of scientific authority for their own productions. But unless we are willing to affirm boldly that there is a large area of elusive truth which it would be fatal to neglect but which, nevertheless, cannot be dealt with by any scientific method; unless we are willing to admit also that in this area doubt and dispute must rage, perhaps forever, because what is included within it cannot be measured or subjected to controlled experiment, then there is little use in "defending the humanities," because there is little left to defend.

Most of what are called "the cultural aspects of science" lie within the area of the humanities as here defined. So also do so many other vastly important matters that it is the field of science rather than the field of the humanities which seems, by comparison, restricted—so restricted indeed that science itself comes to seem only an astonishingly effective method of dealing with very limited subject matters. If we permit ourselves to contemplate the truths which cannot be verified and the values which cannot be measured we may well wonder that any age dared to neglect them. Yet neg-



"Yes, dear . . ."

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lect them we did and it may be for that very reason that a civilization which has made so many careful measurements and performed so many triumphant experiments is, nevertheless, a civilization which has come justly to fear that the human race itself may have no future.

—J. W. K.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Next week Mr. Krutch will complete his discussion of the humanities today.*

How to Keep the Scientist Out

LAST fall, while enroute to India, I attended the meetings of the International Geophysical Union in Rome. Such meetings are generally very stimulating affairs, for they provide the participating scientists with the opportunity of learning first hand what their colleagues from other countries are up to. One sees at these meetings many enthusiastic renewals of old friendships; one hears much gossip concerning the movements of scientists from one university to another and from one country to another; one hears about new instruments and techniques; one arranges with specific colleagues from other countries to exchange students or to collaborate on critical experiments.

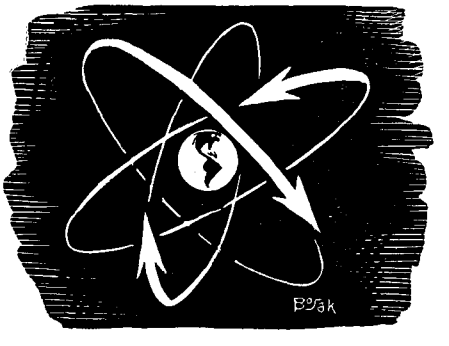
Although many of the technical papers which are presented at such meetings are interesting, the greater part of the work is done outside the conference room in bars, restaurants, and sidewalk cafes. The Italian Organization Committee for the Rome meeting, recognizing with characteristic sensitivity the kind of atmosphere within which international friendship and the exchange of ideas can thrive, actually established an indoor "sidewalk cafe" along one of the main corridors of the conference building, and naturally this was the place where most of the really important business was accomplished.

International scientific meetings are essential to scientific progress for the reason that no one nation has a monopoly of either ideas or brains. Science has always been international in scope, so much so that one would be hard put to name any scientific or technological development which did not depend for its success upon discoveries which had been made previously by scientists from a number of nations. Yet it is noteworthy that not all scientists in the world are eligible to attend international scientific conferences. The Governments of both the Soviet Union and the United States have particularly strong convictions in this respect, with the result that few international meetings of any consequence are held these days in either the USSR or in the USA.

It is important that we realize that it is next to impossible for a major international meeting of scientists to be held in the United States for as long a time as we maintain our existing regulations about who may enter the United States and who may not. I know of no scientist in our country who would be so foolhardy as to spearhead the organization of a major international scientific meeting in the United States, particularly in the light of the substantial number of embarrassing situations which have emerged during past attempts. In this connection I remember vividly an international conference on nuclear physics which was held a few years ago at the University of Chicago. The director of the Institute for Nuclear Studies almost lost his mind in the process of organizing the meeting. He first had to make guesses as to which foreign scientists might be given or refused visas. He next had to guess which of the scientists who might receive visas might be detained by authorities upon arrival in this country. Of course, it turned out that with the exception of known Communists these matters are completely unpredictable.

For the purpose of avoiding embarrassment an attempt was made to submit a list of proposed invitees to the State Department with the request that it make the necessary inquiries and indicate which of the scientists might, and which ones might not, be admitted. In this way it was hoped to formulate a guest list which would contain primarily the names of the individuals who might have had a reasonable chance of receiving visas and of being admitted to this country. Needless to relate, however, this was not the way in which the State Department functioned. We were told that we must first send out the invitations, then the individuals must apply for visas, then each case would be decided on the basis of its individual merits.

As the day for the opening of the conference approached there was great confusion, still greater embarrassment, and not until the day the meeting opened did the organizers have any real idea as to who the foreign participants might be. The director wisely swore that he would never again attempt to organize an international conference of scientists to be held in the United States.



Since that time matters have become worse rather than better. At the Rome meeting of the International Geophysical Union the question arose as to where the next meeting might be held. Invitations were extended by Canada and by Argentina; no invitation was extended by the United States. There were lengthy and at times heated discussions as to whether Canada or Argentina might be the better location for a meeting—and then a friend of mine, a well-known German-Swiss physicist, suggested semi-seriously "Why not hold the next meeting on Ellis Island?"

ELLIS ISLAND, of course, would be the near-perfect answer to America's problem of international scientific meetings. The island is U.S. property, yet the problem of visas would not arise—even Communists could attend the meetings. And equally important, American scientists would not have to obtain passports. Of course, the problem of entertaining the foreign participants might prove to be difficult, but at least they and their families could be given sight-seeing trips by boat around the island, and from the boat they could see the New York skyline and a variety of scenic vistas. In the distance they could see the Statue of Liberty.

But I suppose that most of this is an idle dream, for the reason that sooner or later someone would appear in Congress who would maintain that the presence of foreign scientists on Ellis Island should be looked upon as a threat to the American Way. After all, aren't foreign scientists potential espionage agents?

The Soviet Union is even touchier about this problem than is the United States. I know several scientists (none from the United States) who have visited the Soviet Union recently, and in all cases they have been carefully chaperoned. Nevertheless, in spite of the strict limitations which were placed upon the scientists' movements, their observations were not only interesting but important from the point of view of our understanding what is going on in the Soviet Union with respect to scientific research, technological development, and education.

The entrance of Red China into the Korean War brought to a halt plans

(*Continued on page* 36)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

TASTE IN TARIFFS

IT WAS SOMETHING of a surprise to read Charles P. Taft's review of my book, "The Revolution in World Trade" [*SR* Apr. 16]. Since Mr. Taft is leading the fight to reduce tariffs he perhaps cannot be blamed for turning his review into an argument for the cause he represents. Mainly my book tries to do two things: first, to show why tariff changes can have only a slight effect on world trade—technological change and the general economic level are the decisive factors determining American imports—and therefore why the exaggerated importance given this issue obscures effective thinking on foreign economic policy. Second, what interrelationships should be brought into focus and acted upon to meet the economic needs of the Cold War.

As I see it, both the protectionist and liberal, free-tradish philosophies are relics of the same vanished era—the nineteenth-century world which Britain dominated. Instead of trying to restore this old "one world," my thesis is that we must move forward adjusting our sights to the revolutionary upheaval in all trade relations which has been underway through our whole lifetime.

Our new frame of thinking should be primarily a strategic one, not simply because the Cold War demands top priority for our strategic needs but because the forces *remaking our economic world have been the same forces which have been changing the nature of modern warfare.* In discussing such problems as tariffs, currency convertibility, trade with the Iron Curtain countries, economic aid to Asia, the limits of foreign investment, and the myth of "Trade Not Aid," I have tried to show how all of these factors can be integrated into an essential oneness.

Now, I would raise no objection if Mr. Taft's review argued against my thesis, since my book aims at provoking disagreement and fresh thinking in a field too long dominated by slogans and clichés. My objection is that virtually all of this has been skipped over except for a few slight, misleading references. I appreciate that Mr. Taft is all worked up emotionally over the tariff battle now going on—to him it is clearly a fight of the "good guys" against the "bad guys," with Mr. Taft wearing the marshal's badge. If villainy were only our problem how simple things would be. How wonderful it would be if our world were under the control of villains and all one had to do was to throw the rascals out.

Unfortunately, the world today is under no one's control. Our problem is to establish effective human management over it. If we are to succeed good intentions alone are not enough. We shall have to make sense of the forces at work in our world, whether we like or dislike them. My own feeling is that when the current tariff battle is over—whatever law be passed—our foreign economic problems will have been left basically unchanged. When that happens it is my hope that my book can be turned to for an outline of the thinking that must be done if the economic race for peace is to be won.

SAMUEL LUBELL.

New York, N.Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"I don't see why Lafayette is in such a hurry to help those American colonials when they aren't even able to form a stable government."

TAXES AND TALENT

IN REFERENCE TO Cyril Connolly's article "The Writers Lean Life" [*SR* May 7], I would like to mention that although I hold no particular brief for the necessity of an author to starve in an obscure garret, but rather feel that a writer can be well paid and still write well, it seems to me that Connolly implies that in order for a writer to perform adequately he must possess the social mobility that only material well-being can make possible. It might be sophomoric naivete on my part, but it seems almost self-evident that no matter what the milieu of the artist he can create in an inspired manner, if he is an inspired artist. Despite Dylan Thomas's tax difficulties he was a great poet and needed no expense account to substantiate this fact.

LEONARD BERNSTEIN.

Bronx, N.Y.

OUR FAITH AND DR. FREUD

PROFESSOR E. R. GOODENOUGH'S ARTICLE "Our Faith and Doctor Freud" [*SR* May 14] was indeed a stimulating article. But one gains the impression that Goodenough's point of view, in the hands of a less responsible person, could be made the basis of intellectual anarchy: given the "projected" character of truth and reality, Einstein's conception of the universe has no greater inherent worth than the hallucinations of Dr. Freud's patients.

PATRICK L. SULLIVAN.

Lafayette, Calif.

THE UNREAL

ERWIN GOODENOUGH'S gallantly misguided effort, "Our Faith and Doctor Freud," to bring all scientific theory and thinking down to the mere "wish projection" level of even the most irrational of religions has tempted me into paraphrasing an old, old limerick:

ERG says religion can heal
And that science is just as unreal
But, come hydrogen bombs,
Despite psalters and psalms
I'll dislike what I fancy I feel.

FRED RODELL.

New Haven, Conn.

THE PRESIDENT'S PAPERS

IN HORACE SUTTON'S ARTICLE "Decennial in Dutchess County" [*SR* Apr. 23] it is said that the Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library contains "the first complete collection of Presidential papers ever made available to the public. Since Washington's time the President's papers have gone with him when he left office." As a matter of fact most of the "President's papers" (Washington included) kept on going until they came to the Library of Congress.

DAVID C. MEARNS, Chief,
Library of Congress.
Manuscripts Division.

Washington, D. C.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Astringency In Ontario

CERTAINLY *one of the mid-century miracles of the theatre* is the robust survival of the Stratford Festival in Ontario, Canada. In its first two years of operation it has set standards of production that any new group will find hard to match, and which even ensuing Stratford seasons will be hard put to maintain. As the company of Canadian and English actors and artisans prepare for the June 27 opening of a third season—to present "Julius Caesar," "The Merchant of Venice," and "Oedipus Rex" in daily alternation for nine weeks—the Festival must look forward to a period of consolidating its gains.

These gains are considerable. If the Festival had accomplished nothing else but the evolvement of Tanya *Moiseiwitsch's functionally* Elizabethan stage it would have justified its existence. This stage is described and discussed by the Festival artistic director Tyrone Guthrie in "Shakespeare Survey 8" (Cambridge University Press, $3.75). He lists the following advantages in mounting productions on this open stage as opposed to the conventional proscenium type:

1. No interruption of continuity.
2. Entrances and exits available in all directions.
3. Money saved on scenery can be spent on rich and handsome clothes.
4. Director freed from task of creating stage pictures.
5. Since director doesn't have to worry about *masking* and *upstaging*, balance, grouping, and the flow of movement, particularly in conversational scenes, is easier to arrange.
6. The naturalness and expressiveness of the group becomes more important than the face of any member of the group.
7. Since the open theatre accommodates a much larger number of spectators in the same cubic space than does a proscenium theatre, the intimacy can be greater, thereby making possible more finesse in the delivery of speeches.
8. Stresses performance as a ritual in which each member of the audience is asked to lose a great deal of his own identity and allow his personality to become fused with that of the other participants as he becomes rapt in a collective act of participation. This is different from the illusionary type of theatre where the spectator is asked to subscribe to an illusion.

Dr. Guthrie admits to drawbacks as well as virtues. Congreve, Sheridan, or Wilde he believes are better produced on a proscenium stage. Also the present economics of the Festival make it unfeasible to build a balcony which would permit the increasing of distance between front-row spectators and the stage. However, this year the stage has been lengthened to eliminate cramping during crowd scenes.

Also this summer—for the first time—the Festival has not signed a big-name movie star to act as bait for those who must have a pinch of glamour added to their culture. This is not to say that Frederick Valk, who has been imported from England to play Shylock opposite Frances Hyland's Portia, will not give a star performance. He has already indicated his capability for the role with an Old Vic performance of it in 1940. It also doesn't mean two of Canada's most prominent actors, Lorne Greene and Donald Davis, will not be highly satisfactory as Brutus and Antony. And if these artists are of lesser magnitude than an Alec Guinness or a James Mason, any deficiency will be more than compensated for by the appearance of the great French mime Marcel Marceau, in Stravinsky's "Histoire du Soldat" (beginning July 10), which may well be the highest point of individual theatre artistry seen in the Western hemisphere in 1955.

On a recent visit to New York Dr. Guthrie chatted about "The Merchant of Venice," which he will direct. "I see it," he said, "as a fantasia on two themes. Shylock stands for the *letter* of justice and gets it, though he is very badly treated. Antonio, who subordinates justice to affection (the opposite of Shylock), stands for the practice of *some* Christian principles. Between them as the play's centerpiece is Portia's 'quality of mercy' speech. It's unfortunate that it has become so familiar, as that makes it infinitely more difficult for the actress delivering it. Peggy Ashcroft was the best at it of all the Portias I've seen."

Dr. Guthrie has an unusual notion about the play. "When at the beginning, Antonio is so sad," the director explains, "it may be because there is a homosexual relationship between him and Bassanio, whom he must now give up to Portia. Playing it with this in mind Shylock may seem less of a monstrosity, and the last scene celebrating the victory over the moneylender becomes a Mozartian finale which shows us the lonely Antonio against a sextet of happy lovers."

To understand better the towering director's approach to his work and the value of it to the Festival one has only to read "Twice Have the Trumpets Sounded" (Clarke, Irwin, Toronto. $4). This handsome color-illustrated record of the second Stratford season contains a description and assessment of Dr. Guthrie's rehearsal methods written by the distinguished Canadian critic Robertson Davies. Mr. Davies denies the popular impression that Guthrie "works in an atmosphere of St. Patrick's day hilarity," but says instead that he uses humor as an approach to truth.

In addition to Mr. Davies's articles on this and the plays, there is a remarkable essay by Dr. Guthrie on the future of the Festival. In it Dr. Guthrie plumps against making the permanent auditorium, which must soon replace the present tent, into an All-Purpose Hall ("An All-Purpose Hall is usually a No-Purpose Hall"), and warns against associating the program with "education" instead of "pleasure." "We only *really learn*," he claims, "from experiences which touch us emotionally—either with pleasure or with pain."

Dr. Guthrie also urges that the Festival work towards a style of performance which does not emphasize the English-ness so much as the universality of Shakespeare's work. Thus, for Canadian audiences he advises the actor to speak in a vigorously Canadian manner but to avoid the rasping mannerisms and slovenliness of much current Canadian speech. As for the acting Dr. Guthrie states that there are no rules except to beware of using the most obvious and conventional methods of expression, and to be intelligible and expressive. Intelligibility of speech, he adds, is largely a matter of rhythm, stress, and phrasing, and is accomplished mainly by breath control. A good speaker should, he suggests, be able to speak loudly and at moderate speed seven lines of blank verse on one breath, and have an inflective range of two octaves at his command.

Dr. Guthrie refuses to deny or confirm the report that this will be his last season at the Festival. But there may be a clue in his final words of the recent interview. "I prefer to think of myself not as a wet-nurse," he said, "but as an astringent."

—HENRY HEWES.

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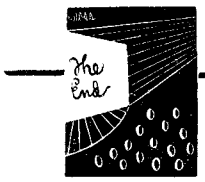

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Sweden and the Sea

THERE is a fellow in Sweden named Arne Sucksdorff who is trying to do by himself what a whole company of technicians have been doing for Disney in the series of nature films which have come from that studio. The core of **"The Great Adventure"** (Louis de Rochemont Associates), like that of the Disney films, is a series of photographs of animals remarkable because of the patient artistry required to capture on film these events in the biographies of bashful wood creatures, and for the visual impact of natural process in the complex and brutal forest world.

This world Sucksdorff has caught on film with unbelievable patience and a cameraman's attention to light conditions, film-speed ratings, filters, editing technique. If you have ever suddenly noticed the different ways in which light can fall on a familiar object, and you have realized what artists are getting at, you will respond to the captured events in this film. But it happens to be one of the fascinating abilities of film that it can not only record, it can also be made to deceive like no other medium. Because Sucksdorff is a clever film editor as well as a nature poet, he has invented a little story and made it come to pass on film, and in doing so, it seems to me, he has done a certain amount of violence to his idyl of Swedish boyhood.

The film is an account of a childhood on a Swedish farm, an outlying place where the wild animals snuffle just beyond the boundaries of the cleared land and occasionally venture in for a raid on a big fat hen. The narrow border between farm and forest is also easily leaped by the restless imagination and roaming habits of the two boys who live on this farm.

For the first part of the film they simply observe the play of natural life around them, but around about the middle they acquire a pet otter, and Sucksdorff's nature suite has been replaced by a self-consciously cute story of how two boys try to conceal the existence of their pet. But, since it is never entirely clear why young Swedish boys are forbidden to become otter-fanciers, it is never entirely clear why the boys have to swipe bread from their parents' table or raid their piggy bank to buy fish.

* * *

If you would like to know why they call them tramp steamers, drop in on **"The Sea Chase"** (Warner Brothers), in which Lana Turner turns up on Captain John Wayne's rust bucket. "The Sea Chase" has certain fragrant reminders of other tramp-steamer films—lonely captain, rebellious first officer, beautiful spy trapped aboard by circumstance. It also contains something that is new. For one thing, the central characters are all German. In the past, this matter has been handled by having the boy and girl speak perfect English and having the side personnel speak everything from low Dutch to Akim Tamiroff. It was producer-director John Farrow's extraordinary decision to have them all speak English—they are just German people whose language has been translated for our convenience.

Another odd thing about this film is that the hero is a German in World War II. As it happens, John Wayne portrays a German officer reduced from cruiser command to an inconspicuous post in the merchant marine because of his political differences with the Nazis. The Nazis are typified by a murdering first officer (Lyle Bettger), who is everything vile, especially when he starts making indecent proposals to Lana instead of getting on with the war.

The action takes place aboard the ancient steamer *Ergenstrasse*, a German vessel trapped in the port of Sydney, Australia, at the time of the outbreak of war in 1939. Captain Wayne, an old officer in the Imperial Navy, decides to take his ship out of the harbor on a foggy night and make his way back to Germany, this task involving avoiding a searching British naval squadron, chopping up the lifeboats to feed the boilers, driving a mutinous crew to shred a South Sea island into kindling, manhandling a hostile Nazi intelligence man planted aboard as first officer, and melting the calculating heart of Lana Turner, an Axis spy who had a high-principled, low-earning daddy, and has consequently placed her faith in mink, jewels, and nail polish.

Since the captain of the vessel is John Wayne you may be assured that he does all this without changing expression. As for Miss Turner, she is now tastefully svelte, and she boards the *Ergenstrasse* with a cruise wardrobe that will have all the lady spies in town asking their governments for more charge accounts.

—LEE ROGOW.

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TV AND RADIO

Truth and the TV Tip

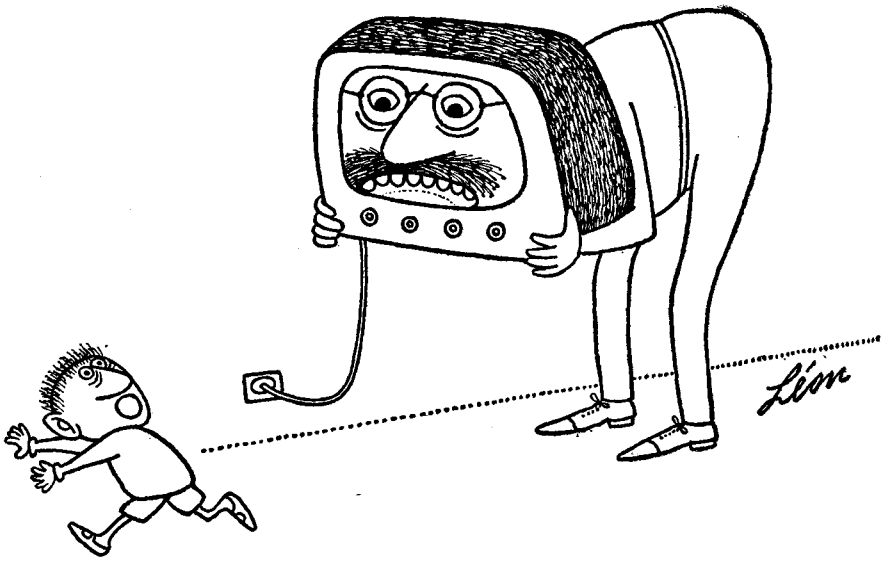
THIS week I want to call for fair play for Walter Winchell, who some time ago was pushed around because he gave his opinion about the value of certain stocks. I do not know whether he was in any way maligned by the Congressional committee in its "friendly" investigation of Wall Street; no one ever implied that he had told anything but the truth. Still, I like to see the principle upheld that *a man has the right to face his critics*, to get at least as much publicity as any slight slur on his character might have gotten. The fact that Winchell got a Senator from the committee to come on his program and confirm every word Winchell said is beside the point. He is entitled to justice.

He is also to be credited with bringing into the open one of the thorniest questions in the whole broadcasting business. It is nothing less than this: Is the *right to tell the truth* absolute and unlimited? The moment the question is put in this way people assume that the First Amendment is being assaulted and that all our sacred liberties are jeopardized. I submit that the question needs to be discussed.

In his defense Winchell said again and again that what he did differed in no respect from what a financial editor does; he was, in fact, invoking the Amendment. Protection under this Amendment was denied to the movies for some thirty years; but I do not know how it can be denied to television, in theory. Nonetheless, the difference between television and the newspaper, which I discussed here in another connection, is so profound that we may discover this practical rule: that it is dangerous to tell the same truth on television that can be printed by 1,000 newspapers. Winchell himself indicated why this is so; he prided himself on getting a lot of plus signs on the price lists. He praised stocks and they went up. Suppose he *had told the exact truth about a company* in bad shape and brought on a flurry of liquidation which ran into a panic—what then? Suppose that the reason for Winchell's relative potency is precisely the greater authority of the "friend in the house" (the TV-oracle) and the greater susceptibility of an uncritical (?) audience. I suggest that we face the actualities about broadcasting and create a code of responsibility—instead of talking abstractions about free speech.

THE FIRST Amendment is not an abstraction; its guarantees are specific. Their purpose is to protect those freedoms which serve the Republic. But the advantages of the Amendment do not fall automatically into the lap of the broadcasters. I suggest that these men should be the first to examine the premise that so long as a man tells the truth there is no limit to the danger he can bring on us because people do not understand him or because they do.

—GILBERT SELDES.



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America

Continued from page 15

untrained in formal economics this "amateur economist" skilfully and simply presented one of the most intricate basic doctrines, then called the "Ricardian theory of rent," and helped to compel economists to develop the "marginal" economics which is basic to current orthodox formal analysis.

George's stormy career has already been the subject of general biographies, and scholars in various fields from philosophy to economics have devoted much attention to his influence in their areas. Now Professor Charles A. Barker has attempted a comprehensive study of George's life history and his influence at home and abroad. He has utilized not only published material but also new manuscript sources, and produced a readable biography which adds to our knowledge of the man. His discussion of the California background should prove especially useful. Furthermore, he presents George's interest in free trade in a manner that makes understandable George's alliance with men generally viewed as highly conservative. Similarly, George's campaign for the nationalization of the telegraph system is shown to have been not socialism but a part of the anti-monopoly movement.

Professor Barker discusses in detail the criticisms of George's views, including his "racist" attitude toward Orientals; but he minimizes, despite the record, the importance of the single tax to George's philosophy. It may be that in some sense George was, as Professor Barker asserts, a "follower of Jeffersonian and Jacksonian principles," but he should have made it clear, for example, that the "Ricardian" theory of rent, upon which George based his panacea, was anathema to Jefferson. Free trade was the only important concrete policy that George held in common with Jefferson and Jackson.

Professor Barker treads on treacherous ground when he attempts to validate George's observation that the real earnings of wage workers had declined in recent years. He states that "forty years later a brilliant . . . academician proved it statistically." The work was probably W. C. Mitchell's "Gold, Prices, and Wages under the Greenback Standard." I say "probably" because Professor Barker does not mention Mitchell's name in the text, and it is only by carefully scanning his references in the back, arranged according to sections by chapters and without footnotes, that one finds the book listed as a source. Mitchell drew precisely opposite conclusions in his treatise: "In the years 1866 to 1872," he said, "wage-earners undoubtedly made great gains, and the majority probably attained a position decidedly better than their fellows had enjoyed in 1860."

These weaknesses spring from Professor Barker's attempt to go beyond the biographer's function, and assume the role of economic historian and political philosopher. In any event, Professor Barker's biography attests a healthy interest in the field of American intellectual history.

Notes

T.R. THE HUNTER: In these harried times it has become pleasant to look back on the days of Theodore Roosevelt as the wind-up of a peaceful period in our land, before European involvements and nuclear bombs put furrows in all our brows. A good glimpse of one aspect of his time is given by T.R. himself in **"The Hunting and Exploring Adventures of Theodore Roosevelt"** (Dial, $5). Told in Teddy's own words, with transitional paragraphs by Donald Day, who also edited, the book gives a rousing picture of the most extroverted moments of the most celebrated American extrovert. It also gives a picture of a world which held many accessible corners still cloaked in mystery. Chauvinists will be pleased to learn that T.R., best remembered as an African and South American explorer, found his most stimulating adventures in our own West, which was still wildish. Not unexpectedly, T.R.'s prose is boyish and exuberant, occasionally reading like a masterful parody of Hemingway. But for anyone beamed on the outdoor life, whether as hunter or naturalist, this will furnish rich armchair escape. —ALLEN CHURCHILL.

NEW ENGLAND'S INFLUENCE: Just as the devout Muslims turn toward Mecca, so do certain sectional historians in the United States make their obeisances to New England as the source of America's greatness. Carleton Beals is the latest recruit to this group, as his **"Our Yankee Heritage"** (David McKay, $4) demonstrates. His postulate that "much of the essential framework, the basic structure of American life, owes its origin and its survival to New England" is scarcely new. The generalization itself is debatable, although it is a tempting snare into which to fall. However much of New England may be found in our national mold, one cannot be cavalier in slighting the impress of other regions and other peoples. This cavil taken into account, Mr. Beals's book is an industrious and conscientious account of New England's seminal role in our political and religious liberties, in our industrial proliferation, and in our prevailing concept of the self-reliant man as the noblest American of them all. Mr. Beals's exploration of historical byways makes such good reading one is tempted to overlook his historical special pleading. —ALDEN WHITMAN.

TWENTY-TWO MILLION SCOUTS: Sir Robert Baden-Powell founded the first troop of Boy Scouts in England in 1918. Shortly a rugged, picturesque resident of Flushing, Long Island, named Dan Beard heard of the movement and incorporated the Boy Scouts of America in 1910. Since then 22,000,000 American boys have been Scouts, and currently there are 3,500,000 Scouts and Scoutmasters in the United States alone. In **"The Boy Scout Story"** (Doubleday, $3.50) writer Will Oursler gives a lively, anecdotal account of the growth and development of the movement, together with deeds of heroism performed by individual Scouts and an account of the trip of Scout Paul Siple to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd. Result: straightforward, rewarding reading for the Scout-minded, young and old.

—A. C.

Atomic Institute

By Keith Huntress

I SAW a physicist the other night,
All calm as he was bright
(And he was very bright).

He wore a sober suit of sober gray,
Spoke softly on the weather of the day,
And on the P-TA.

Ah, what a bitter pill for sovereign nations,
For Senators in plump deliberations,
To truckle to equations!

If he should think one thought beyond the thought
He thinks; if the uncatchable be caught;
Will it be ought not, then, or ought?

The tree and leaf, the grass, the bush, the petal,
John and Jane Doe, and I, all forced to fettle
Between the metallurgist and his metal.

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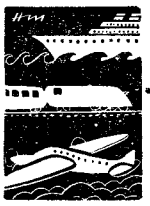


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

The Greeks Had a Yearn for It

ATHENS.

I HAD hardly inhaled the celebrated free air of Athens for more than an hour when I found myself carried off into slavery by the Greek Government and consigned to one Zoë Karavida, a dark-eyed young guide possessed of an immense knowledge of Greek culture, a disdain for the artistic contributions of the Romans, and a relentless urge to pound 3,000 years of cultural evolution into my untutored head within the space of forty-eight hours, less sleeping time.

After looking through my notes it seems clear that for two days I have been boiling the Mycenians, the Ionians, the Macedonians, the Spartans, the Athenians, the Rotarians, and everyone short of the Elks into a steaming, perfumey *bouillabaisse*. After a spirited tour through Athens and an excursion out to Corinth—and didn't they live the gay life out there!—it was duly impressed upon me that Greeks have for centuries lived on grubby soil surrounded by 2,000 islands and the sea. They emigrated to the islands and the seas beyond where they became merchants, florists, restaurateurs, and rich. Not only that, but having conquered poverty, the sea, and the vicissitudes of alien soil they became self-possessed. Unlike the Egyptians who held their gods in terror, the Greeks viewed their priests and generals as equals and fraternized with their divinities. It was in this atmosphere that democracy grew, or so says Zoë the cicerone.

Although the Greeks traveled abroad and became a dominant power in such cities as Alexandria on the coast of Egypt, where Greek is heard in the shops, the homeland is like a religion, and it is the human exports who return enriched to donate such modern landmarks as the Polytechnical High School, the public library, the stadium, or even a fully-equipped destroyer.

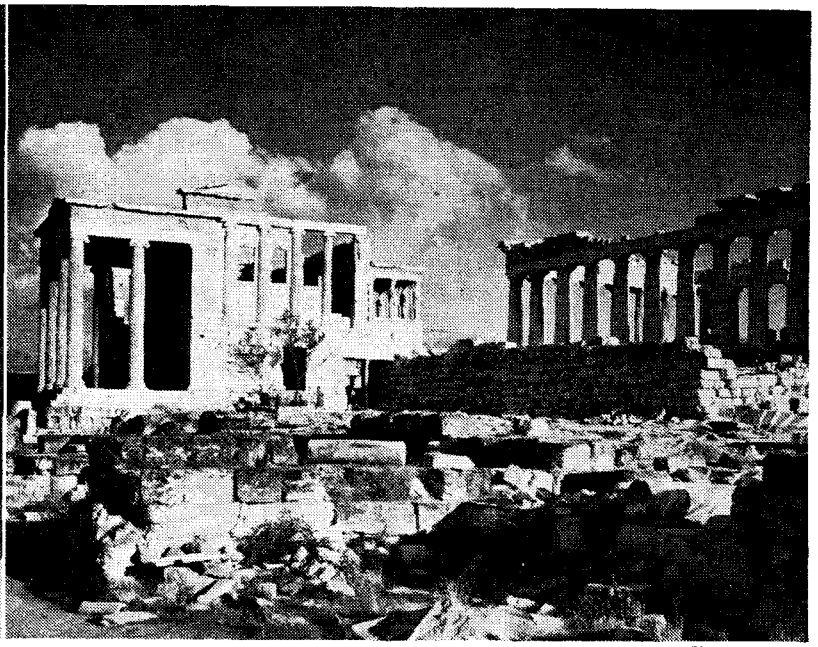
As for the Acropolis, I am ready to put it down as one of the greatest tourists' sights in the world. The gate, as Miss Karavidas told me with some disdain, is Roman—the Romans were good lawyers and good administrators, she explained—but it serves only to spoil the view. Nonetheless, you can come to see the Parthenon by moonlight, or stand on its ancient stones on a sunlit afternoon and sweep the tremendous view of the cypresses and pines, of all Athens mixing its suburbs with its port of Piraeus, of the great plain of Attica down to the Aegean, with the blue mountain called Salamis standing just offshore harboring its ancient memories of that day in 480 B.C. when the allied Greeks under Themistocles defeated Xerxes and the Persians, saving Europe from the East.

The Parthenon, as the tourist will be told, is not exactly square, for the columns lean slightly inward and if projected would become a pyramid. Moreover, the horizontal lines are slightly bowed to please the illusory aptitudes of the eye. The French copied the Parthenon when they built the Madeleine Church, but they failed to allow for the curves—which were originally discovered by an English architect named Pennrose—and the result was a graceless, flat-footed aspect.

Invaders embellished the Parthenon, the Byzantines by adding statues of saints, the Turks by installing minarets. A Venetian admiral blew it all up in 1786 when one of his naval shells hit the sultan's powder stores which were kept within the Parthenon's priceless walls. Nor did an English ambassador named Lord Elgin help very much when in the 1900s he persuaded the governing Turks to permit him to carry off wholesale lots of Greek sculpture from the Acropolis earmarked for the British Museum, where it reposes today. The broken bits of the Parthenon have since been put back together and missing statuary from the hill has been given temporary fillings, immediately recognizable and rather ungainly.

NORTH of the Acropolis combined American and Greek excavations have produced the old market or *agora* of Athens, a collection of temples, tavernas, and *stoas*. A *stoa* was a covered promenade with a mural-decorated wall on one side and columns on the other where Athenians could walk in shelter from the sun or rain, talk politics or business, and listen to philosophers, poets, and entertainers. The

—*Culver.*



—*T.W.A. Photo.*

Perseus and the Acropolis—"... the homeland is like a religion ..."

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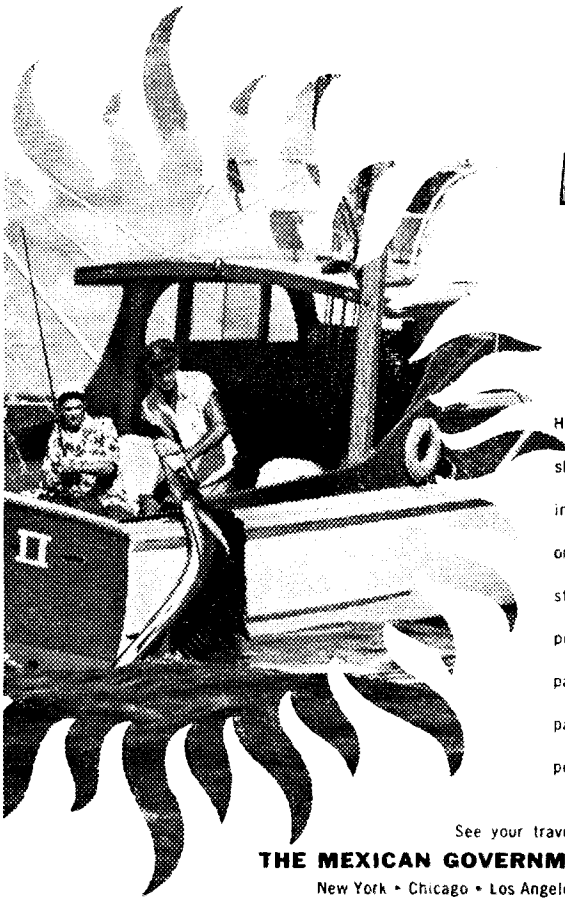
Stoa of Attalos, contributed by Attalos II, King of Pergamon, who had studied in Athens, is being reconstructed as the Agora Museum and will be one of the prime attractions of the traveler in Athens. Already collected from the diggings are some prehistoric bits—a carved ivory toilet box dating from 1400 B.C.; an oil flask in the form of a nude athlete binding his locks before entering the stadium (540-530 B.C.); bits of early Iron Age pottery showing female deities with serpents; the grave of a girl buried with two bracelets, a ring, and two long pins found on her shoulder which held her gown; and even a toidy seat, *circa* 6 B.C.

Some relics that have drifted, one way or another, from the excavations can be purchased in the antique shops that line Pandrosou Street. Adjoining it is the ancient district called the Plaka, where the streets have classical names such as Lyssiou, a bygone orator; Tripodon, a three-footed vase awarded to the theatre patron whose troupe had been voted the year's Oscar. In the center of town you can come by the red hats of the *evzones,* festooned with long black tassels, dolls in native costume made on Corfu, fine Greek shoes, carpets fashioned in the same technique perfected by the Persians. The Athena Ergany on Churchill Street has interesting jewelry, particularly long tasselled earrings, belts, bags, and blouses in Greek motifs; and Kastalia, named for a Delphian spring, has skirts with patterns copied from ancient museum pieces, and handmade stoles which at $20 are overpriced.

You can stop to fend off hunger with *lou koumas,* a crispy doughnut of Turkish origin, or *bougatsa,* a hot strudle with a custard center. And since π is p and ρ is r and ν is n you won't have trouble reading the familiar encouragement in front of the theatres to buy $\pi o \pi \ \kappa o \rho \nu$.

There is, somehow, a special luminosity to the streets of Athens brought on perhaps by the clear air washed by the sea, or perhaps from the brilliant white sidewalks. Pushcart peddlers sell oranges with a few green leaves left on, hawkers offer sponges from mountainous selections carried on the back, souvenir salesmen and tourist photographers dress immaculately in white smocks, Greek priests are severe and forbidding in black cloaks and high black hats, and the cops are classical in shining silver helmets.

TOURIST Athens exists largely on the Grand Bretagne, a big, roomy old hotel known familiarly as the "G.B.," where the fine wood floors shine with a high polish and the bar has stained-



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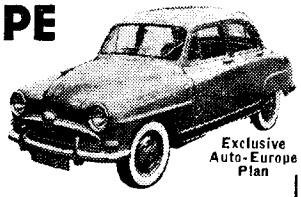

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glass windows. As for restaurants, the best is supposed to be the Floca at 9 El Venizelou, but I found it largely a European establishment at which one might dip gingerly into such local specialties as *synagrida,* a fish served with *lemonolado,* which is to say, oil and lemon. Since it is never very cold in Athens the Greeks don't drink much beyond *ouza,* a Pernod-type of paralyzer that turns milky with water; and a wine called *retsina,* made from grapes and pine turpentine. Strangely, it tastes just like a wine into which a few drops of turpentine have been added, and is liable to take the color out of everything, especially one's cheeks.

Of the tavernas, an utterly inelegant one is called O Zaphiris in the Plaka, operated by a gray-mustached type known as Yiftiyannis, the local version of Gypsy John. *Enterakia,* sheep's intestines, if you will pardon me, is the dish, and also chicken *kleftiko,* named after the *kleftes kai armatoli,* outlaws who fought the Turks in the mountains and were fond of doing up a hen in a paper bag. For dessert there were sticks of grape jelly eaten with shelled walnuts.

Anybody equipped with a vulcanized pancreas will be fairly safe at Athanasios Vassilena, an inconspicuous hangout in Piraeus that has become a favorite of American correspondents and diplomats. The décor is neo-classical grocery-store, with cans of tomatoes and bottles of wine lining the shelves, the only untoward indication of its distinction being photos of Fredric March and Tyrone Power that hang on the wall.

Once seated you may expect a rapid succession of some twenty-one courses, beginning with clams which are good to eat only if they wiggle after you squeeze a lemon on them. Thereafter you will get oysters, sturgeon in oil, a clump of roe, anchovies, black olives, roquefort with slabs of butter, shrimps and mustard, head cheese, steaming octopus, shrimps in the shell, crabs, fried white scallops, rolled lobster balls, cheese pancakes, red mullet, cold lobster in oil and lemon, a soup of lemon and barley and fish, pigeon in red sauce, and an orange, followed after bedtime by fanciful dreams all on the wide, wide screen in glorious Technicolor.

SOME of the most delightful eating in Greece can be found at the imaginative tourist pavilions which have been built by the Greek Government with the aid of Point Four at sites adjoining such tourist locales as Daphni, Corinth, and Delphi. At Corinth we ate black olives and sardines, grilled beef flavored with oregano all served on blue pottery. The wine, which some vintner with great presence of mind had forgotten to flavor with turpentine, was poured from a blue Grecian urn. Outside, the cypresses were tossing like giant asparagus spears, white daisies and red poppies grew wild among the ruins, black-and-white cuckoos flitted across the Roman pavements, roosters crowed, and herds were lowing in the distance.

The museum at Corinth is filled with many Greek things even though the ruins are mostly Roman. Among the bits of fascination I found the tomb of a boy who had been buried with a scraper he had once used to remove the oil and sand after a go in the gymnasium; a sculpted likeness of Nero of which Miss Karavida said, "It is Roman, but it's beautiful"; a collection of coins once legal tender in Corinth, including currency issued by the Byzantines, Franks, Venetians, Louis XIV, Turks, and the modern Greeks.

Corinth's most famous visitor was St. Paul, who came to town in 51 and 52 to drill a little Christianity into what was, in its day, the world's most dissolute society. Up on the local acropolis 1,000 call-girls worked out of the Temple of Venus dedicated to the cult of love, which even then had lots of subscribers. Why, 'way back in 5 B.C. the Greeks thought enough of Lais, a great and beauteous and purchaseable lady, to emboss her gorgeous likeness on official currency. When it came to love the Greeks had a yearn for it. —HORACE SUTTON.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 623

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 623 will be found in the next issue.

ZPHK ZH TNDG KB

WBKATLRNWANBK, NA

OTBEOAD BXT ABKYXH

AB RHLF NK QNWANBK.

V. YLS

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 622

Liberty may make mistakes but tyranny is death of a nation.

—MATTEOTTI.

Fiction

Continued from page 16

more something we can believe exists, now that with our eyes we have seen a Fuehrer immolate himself and his people to protect a morbid dream.

Yet it is still hard to comprehend. But Miss Simon penetrates and understands and, penetrating and understanding, has that kind of compassion without which true character cannot be created. She in no whit minimizes one-eyed Hagen's deep and implacable evil, yet she so clearly realizes the blind forces that have made him thus that you blame the three fates and not himself. Her transmutation of the soft, blonde yielding Princess Kriemhild in a new Volsung and a second, terrible Signy is without a misstep.

These characterizations, the most important, are matched by equally skilful setting down of every other person in the book from the last king and queen to those odd minstrels Werbel and Schemmer; yet nowhere does the sharp probe of analysis remove the Wagnerian turgidness that is so necessary to the story.

For many reasons—some imposed by the fable—I do not find "The Twelve Pictures" quite as good as Miss Simon's reverent yet skeptical earlier book, but it is still thus far the best historical novel of 1955.

Notes

MORE WOBBLY MARRIAGES: Languishing with the ennui which seems to infect numerous fictional marriages these days, the relationship between William and Janice Corrie, a pleasant but unexceptional English couple, has about come to a standstill in the opening pages of **"A Man in His Prime,"** by Gilbert Phelps (John Day, $3.50). The remainder of the story tells of William's holiday fling with an American girl who makes his blood race again, and of how he is at last brought back to the domestic hearth, having discovered that there is more than one kind of love and that they all make the world go round.

Mr. Phelps's hero is so often engrossed in a process of carping, overfastidious self-analysis that it's a wonder he finds time to become involved with any of the other characters. However, he does, and it is unfortunate that the author, while describing much of the action with verve and imagination, and establishing the conditions under which it occurs with a nice irony, fails to vivify the participants, most of whom

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remain smudged over with a bland film of civilized anonymity.

Another teetering marriage, in another novel from England, is that of Jimmy and Pam Stretton in **"The Outer Ring,"** by Audrey Erskine Lindop (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $3.75). But this is mutual boredom, because Jimmy is homosexual. Following the clues like a psychiatric Hawkshaw, Miss Lindop shows us how he got that way and describes his struggles to overcome it, in which he is helped by a sympathetic doctor with the patience of a saint.

Novels whose principal intention has been to depict sexual inversion have rarely achieved a high degree of literary distinction. "The Outer Ring" is better than some of its fellows, both as a credible case history and as a story of human conflict. It is written with circumspect intelligence, and its well-reasoned plea for greater tolerance and understanding of the homosexual's plight is of social value.

But the story seems to have been built to house the problem rather than the problem growing organically from the story, and to the degree to which this is apparent to the reader it fails as a novel, though it may succeed as a tract. —JEROME STONE.

POLISH TRAGEDY: **"The Seizure of Power,"** by Czeslaw Milosz (Criterion Books, $3.50), sidelights Poland's tragedy at the end of World War II through the reflections of a handful of bewildered intellectuals. It is affecting political reportage of a high order. Milosz paints a series of terse water colors, superimposing hopeless political dialogues on war-ravaged landscapes. He has a feeling for tension and unease, and some of his tableaus are unique in quality (*e.g.*, the underground squad in the Warsaw Uprising, the party at which Polish intellectuals greet their new Moscow superiors). But Milosz's characters, apart from their politics, are baling-wire statuettes without flesh or blood. One waits in vain for these extras to stop talking and the actors to step on stage; they never do. Nor does Milosz's technique—the muffled, metaphysical indirection of the Western avant garde—render the Attic human starkness of the Eastern tragedy. Thus as a novel "The Seizure of Power" is essentially obscure: allusive when it should be vivid, cerebral when it should be touching. It is a novel only from the neck up.

—ANATOLE SHUB.

GROWING PAINS: Laurie Ramsey, of Lebanon, Mississippi, heroine of Virginia Oakey's **"Thirteenth Summer"** (A. A. Wyn, $3.50), is rather like Frankie in "Member of the Wedding": warm, guileless, and indignant at what she finds in the adult world. She learns, through being casually exploited in a plot involving divorce, malicious gossip, and adultery, that her foster parents are selfish, unhappy people, but finds that her uncle, who has come to visit, has real concern and affection for her.

These are familiar staples of the literary supermarket, but the result is no ordinary fare. It is a brisk, exciting book. Everything does not "come out right in the end," but everything comes out reasonably, sympathetically, without one note of Southern doom.

—BONNIE GOLIGHTLY.

POOR MIXED-UP RICH BOY: At the close of Richard Scowcroft's **"A View of the Bay"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3) the protagonist heads homeward, which lies "behind one of those over-decorated fronts" in the city of San Francisco. Alas, the novel too has an over-embellished façade, which makes it difficult for the reader to discern what is within. Mr. Scowcroft's short novel blends a series of vignettes into a fuzzy, yet occasionally scintillating portrait of a poor, sadly mixed-up rich boy. In a series of flashbacks the novelist tries to reconstruct the character of one Craig Robertson, to assess his relationship with a boy who had been paid to be his school chum, and to fill in the background of Robertson's suicide.

Mr. Scowcroft's allusive, often poetic, prose is his novel's greatest ornament and biggest impediment. It accentuates the atmosphere till the San Francisco fog almost steams up the reader's spectacles—but it is less than specific concerning the essentials of character. This is a great pity, because there are enough sharp insights in "A View of the Bay" for one to wish that there had been more.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Enrico Caruso," by Dorothy Caruso. 2. Jenny Lind, in "Barnum," by W. R. Werner. 3. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, in "Famous Women Singers," by Homer Ulrich. 4. Feodor Chaliapin, in "Impresario," by S. Hurok. 5. Marjorie Lawrence, in her book, "Interrupted Melody." 6. Mary Garden, in her book, "Mary Garden's Story." 7. "Marian Anderson," by Kosti Vehanen. 8. Adelina Patti, in "Famous Women Singers," by Homer Ulrich. 9. Geraldine Farrar, in her book, "Such Sweet Compulsion." 10. Roland Hayes, in "Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes," by MacKinley Helm.

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THE FINE ARTS

The New Decade

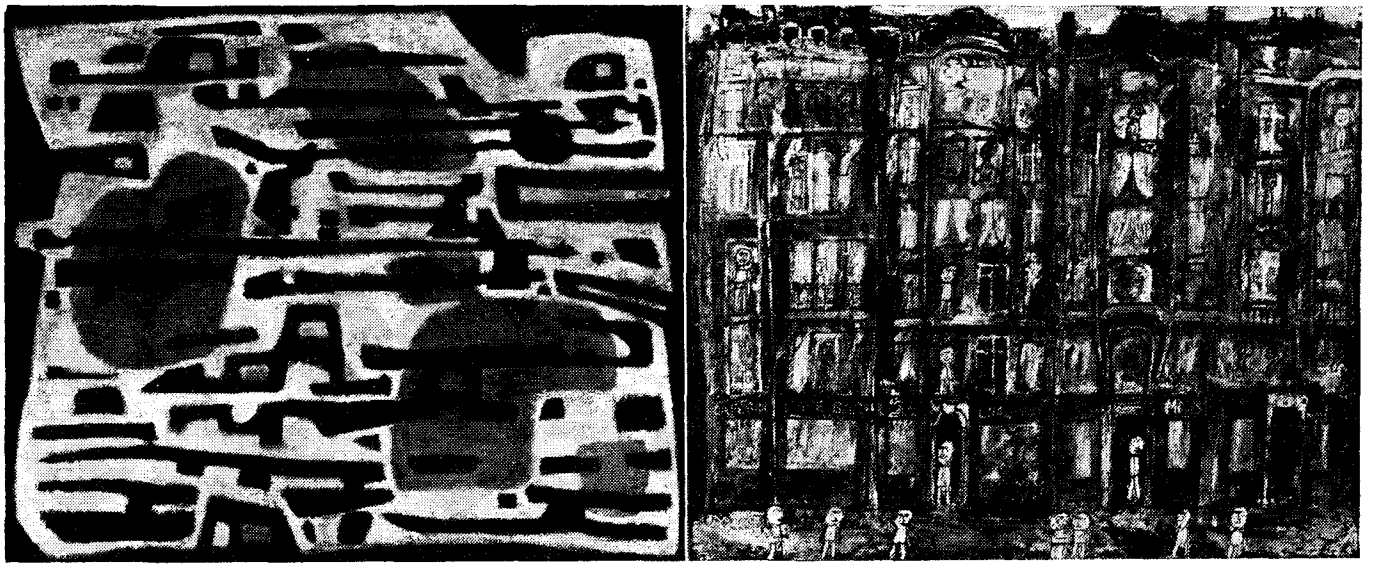
AN EXTREMELY interesting exhibition of postwar European art is now on display at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and will subsequently be seen at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts, the Los Angeles County Museum, and the San Francisco Museum of Art. Assembled by Andrew Carnduff Ritchie, director of the Modern Museum's Department of Painting and Sculpture, the show includes twenty-two painters and sculptors who have come into prominence during the past decade. The level of quality is high, the variety admirable, the installation spacious and clear. The well-illustrated catalogue ("The New Decade," $3, cloth-bound) contains revealing statements by the artists, all but two written especially for this publication.

The catalogue leads off with the work of five French painters and two sculptors, which seems just in that Paris remains the art center of Europe, though London and Rome have emerged lately as formidable rivals. And one must concede at once that French taste is a superb heritage for any painter; it is typified here by the beautifully deft pictures of Jean Bazaine and Alfred Manessier, both of them very fine colorists, with an almost Rococo grace at their instinctive command. Surely one of the handsomest paintings in the entire exhibition is Manessier's "For the Feast of Christ-the-King," with Bazaine's "Earth and Sky" and "The Flame and the Diver" close behind in distinction. Edouard Pignon is a skilled painter, too, but his works somehow appear contrived, as when in "Black Nude" he tries to make something new out of Braque's rather tiresome figure pieces of the mid-1920s.

Still, as to the Parisian art scene, Jean Dubuffet and Pierre Soulages strike me as stronger and perhaps more profound artists than their three French colleagues just named. Neither of them has any interest in *le bon goût*. Indeed, Dubuffet has long been a champion of "brutal" art, and has assembled for his own delectation and instruction a collection of drawings, paintings, and objects by the insane. Whereas reason, balance, and taste form the core of Bazaine's and Manessier's abstractions, Dubuffet's near-delirium is open and unashamed. For a very long time I couldn't entirely understand the enthusiasm for Dubuffet's work among some of the most astute collectors here and abroad. But seeing in the current show his "Building Façades" from the great collection of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel A. Marx in Chicago, I must admit I was wrong. This is an uncannily provocative image, its crusted surfaces vital and rich. In contrast to Dubuffet's headlong "primitivism," Soulages' art is thoughtful, reticent, and stern, being composed of black and gray striations, with no attempt to beguile. But it is immensely sincere, and it extends the vocabulary of twentieth-century abstract art with fresh power.

The two French sculptors shown are Germaine Richier and Etienne Hajdu. I find the boldness of Miss Richier's sculpture forced, as though she had never been able to break away in spirit from the heavy dramatics of Bourdelle, with whom she studied. In Hajdu, on the contrary, Mr. Ritchie seems to me to have made a heartening discovery. Almost entirely unknown here and little discussed in Paris, where he works, Hajdu has revived the bas-relief and uses it to encase semi-abstract forms whose illusion of motion and thrust puts one strangely in mind of Futurism at its best. "The undulation of the relief," the sculptor says, "can unite form and background. It also gives a spatial sensation without perspective: light makes its way across the surface little by little." In Hajdu's "Soldiers in Armor," made of sheet copper, the boast is far from idle.

The sheer quality of the greater part of the show's British section tempts one to throw discretion to the winds—which has always seemed to me to be, with exceptions, its natural realm. If there is a more exciting younger painter than Francis Bacon at work anywhere today I don't know his name. The spontaneity of Bacon's vision and the spellbinding virtuosity of his technique are rare indeed; he is a worthy descendant of a long line of marvelous eccentrics in English art. Bacon's contemporary, William Scott, is thought of in England as one of their best newer painters. At this juncture I can't share the British enthusiasm, but I suspect that Scott's



"Games in the Snow," by Alfred Manessier, and "Building Façades," by Jean Dubuffet—"an almost Rococo grace at their command."

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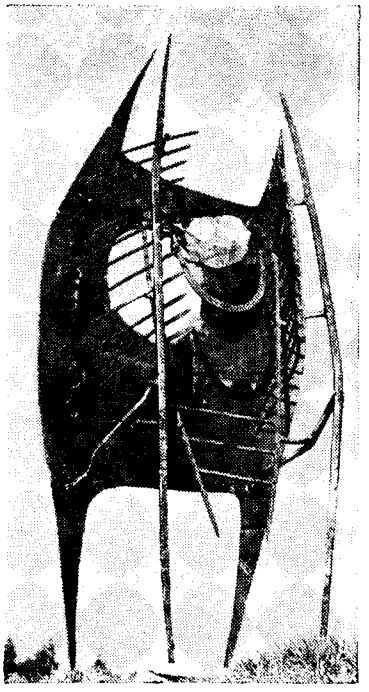

"Inner Eye," by Lynn Chadwick—"high status."

pictures require prolonged study before their virtues come through.

THE three English sculptors in the exhibition—Kenneth Armitage, Reg Butler, and Lynn Chadwick—maintain modern British sculpture's high status, established by Henry Moore. All three men have capital pieces in the show: Armitage's "Family Going for a Walk" and his puzzling but haunting "Square Relief"; Butler's superb "Manipulator" and "Girl with a Vest"; Chadwick's inventive and beautiful "Inner Eye." As mentioned in this column a short time ago, it seems extraordinary that postwar Britain should be producing sculptors of this authority after so long and heavy a silence, broken only by Moore. Yet one of the most engaging mysteries of true art is that no one can predict where or when it will suddenly stand out from the ranks in its golden cloth.

It's good to see advanced German artists back on the international scene, and the three chosen by Mr. Ritchie repay our attention. Hans Uhlmann, a sculptor, belongs to the Constructivist tradition. His career as an artist—he was trained as an engineer—was interrupted for a very long time by Nazi repression. Today he is one of the most respected sculptors in Germany. His preferred material is steel, and in his big, propeller-like "Steel Sculpture" of 1954 he handles it with notable cleanliness of design. Like Uhlmann, the painters Theodor Werner and Fritz Winter are abstract artists and their fame today would cause one of those Hitlerian rages which nearly collapsed the world. Of the two I much prefer Winter, though his latest works seem less inspired than his "Elevation" of 1951, exhibited and bought by the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh in 1952. Even so, it's an amazing fact that Winter paints with such flourish and energy after ten years in the German Army and another four as a prisoner of war in Siberia.

Afro is one of the most tasteful younger painters in Italy, and I may be unfair in saying that his elegance of color and form tends to become cloying. He seems to me to be primarily a decorator, estimable as such, but oversweet as an easel artist. His countryman, Alberto Burri, is much rougher in temperament. Out of such tawdry substances as burlap and old cotton he creates *collages* whose tattered surfaces are inexplicably poetic. One day surely a book will be written about the cult for poverty in materials among modern artists—the cubists' use of newspaper clippings, for example, and Kurt Schwitters's compositions made of scraps of paper found in ashcans. In that history Burri should have a decided place. He is one of the most interesting artists of postwar Italy, as is his fellow-Roman Giuseppe Capogrossi, whose recent abstractions in black-and-white are more assured than those works in which his totem-pole colors were uneasily bright.

The Milanese sculptor Luciano Minguzzi first attracted attention here when his bronze sculpture of a dog entangled in reeds was bought and shown by the Museum of Modern Art a few years ago. The piece holds up wonderfully well in the present exhibition, and the nervous humor of his "Acrobat on Trapeze" and "Woman Jumping Rope" extends his expressive range. Mirko by contrast looks unduly archaic except in his big "Architectonic Element" in sheet brass, which is both compelling and subtle.

From Holland comes Karel Appel, whose blazing, heavily-painted figures with still life reveal once more that fervent aspect of the Dutch imaginative character which reached its climax with van Gogh. It is always hard, as Gertrude Stein used to say, to be sure whether a given artist is saint or hysteric, and I can't quite decide for now whether Appel is one or the other—or neither. And finally there is Vieira da Silva, born in Portugal but long a resident of Paris. At her best, as in "The City" of 1948, she is an extremely gifted painter, her mosaic-like labyrinths of color inviting the eye to rewarding journeys.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

The Blue Saint of Brecon

By Mary Ballard Duryee

WHEN she was young her skirt
swung wide
A blue encircling bell;
And where she walked in field or
glade
Young men walked as well.
But never one of them could tell
Would she lie at his side.

She made her vows to God, no man
Claimed her, aloof and proud.
The Order was a working one
Marked for servitude
By coif and habit like a shroud
Of deep Cerulean.

Blue-clad she went again among the
poor
And with a quiet heart
Sought out the leper's lonely door,
Bathed the sorest hurt;
They said she covered with her
skirt
Sorrow she could not cure.

The legend ran that where the hem
Of her bright garment swept,
The crippled walked with straightened
limb,
Mourners smiled and slept;
And palsied children skipped and
leapt
Like lusty cherubim.

The day she died, in shining white
They wound her skilfully.
The Sisters said, "This holy night
Heaven's bride is she."
Under a far off birdless tree
They hid her robe from sight.

At dawn on curious feet they sped
To claim the stolen dress,
And learn the power which had
shed
Healing and redress;
But near and far that wilderness
Was newly carpeted.

Indigo, azure, lilac, mauve—
Larkspur and lilies sprang
Over the waste and grove to grove
Bells and clappers rang;
While overhead a small bird sang,
"Limitless is love."

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Keeping Scientists Out

Continued from page 24

for holding a major international meeting of scientists in Russia—a meeting which would have included American scientists. The Soviet Union extended an invitation to the International Astronomical Union to hold its 1951 meeting in Leningrad. The Union accepted and a number of American astronomers were in process of girding themselves to request passports for the purpose of attending the conference when the international situation necessitated the shifting of the meeting from Leningrad to Stockholm.

More recently two American astronomers were invited by the Soviet Union to attend an astronomy function in Russia and our Government permitted them to make the trip. The Soviet Government has now invited the International Astronomical Union to meet in the Soviet Union in 1958. If the invitation is accepted, as seems likely, the American delegation will invite the Astronomical Union to meet in Pasadena in 1961. The organization and progress of both of these meetings will be interesting to watch. I personally believe that in the absence of a major change of Government policy the proposed meeting in this country may well turn into an embarrassing fiasco.

ONE might think *a priori* that our Government would be very anxious for her scientists to visit the Soviet Union. To be sure, any American scientist visiting the Soviet Union would be carefully watched and supervised. But he would visit Soviet research institutes; he would see Soviet scientific equipment; he would talk with Soviet scientists; he would be able to make evaluations. Americans have learned a great deal about Soviet science by talking to colleagues of other nationalities who have visited the Soviet Union in recent years. Might they not learn even more about Soviet science were they to visit the Soviet Union personally?

One might feel that the answer to this question would be Yes. Yet recently the opportunity of visiting the Soviet Union was handed to a colleague of mine on a silver platter and our Government did everything possible to discourage him from accepting.

Richard Feynman, Professor of Physics at the California Institute of Technology, is without question one of the more capable young physicists in the world today. He was recently invited by the Soviet Government to participate in an unclassified symposium in Moscow on the physics of fundamental particles. He was naturally startled when he received the invitation, and the question immediately arose: What should he do about it?

He wrote to the State Department requesting its advice. Having worked at Los Alamos on atomic bombs during the war he also wrote to the Atomic Energy Commission requesting its advice. As has happened to so many persons who have written to Government agencies requesting advice concerning ticklish matters of Government policy, Professor Feynman received no answer. Many Government agencies hopefully believe that if embarrassing or controversial questions are ignored they will be forgotten.

Eventually, feeling compelled in the interest of politeness to give the Soviet Government an answer, Professor Feynman wrote to the Soviet Ambassador and stated that, much as he would like to accept the invitation, he had many things to take care of and in addition he couldn't afford the rather expensive trip from Pasadena to Moscow. He received a prompt answer from the Embassy stating that his traveling expenses would be paid by the Soviet Government. This indeed raised a quandary.

Professor Feynman knew that his knowledge of atomic bombs was no more extensive than that of Klaus Fuchs. He knew that he could not tell the Soviet scientists anything concerning atomic bombs which they did not already know. Therefore, he believed, there should be no fuss. But the Atomic Energy Commission "recommended" that Feynman not accept the invitation.

A British scientist who is at the Princeton Institute of Advanced Study was invited to the same meeting. He consulted immigration authorities and was told that were he to attend the meeting in the Soviet Union he would not be permitted to return to the United States.

The actions and attitudes of both the United States and the Soviet Union with respect to the movements of scientists look silly indeed to the rest of the world. We are laughed at in this respect for a variety of reasons, but perhaps the most important reason is that we are doing ourselves far more harm than good with our rather childishly narrow outlook and our restrictive regulations. In the guise of strengthening ourselves we in effect weaken ourselves by depriving ourselves of perhaps the most important aspects of true security—knowledge and understanding.

—H. B.

France

Continued from page 21

up a guiding light by which our own times take on new meaning. A warmly, often passionately, felt story of democracy in extremity, it makes fresh and vital contact between history and the headlines.

Notes

LOVE LETTER TO FRANCE: Elliot Paul has long been a devotee of France and, judging from his **"Understanding the French"** (Random House, $2.75), his favorite land appears to him even more enchanting in his old age. Mr. Paul's France is refreshingly unconventional and quite unlike the few reservations around the Café de la Paix, the Loire chateaux, and Cannes to which many American visitors prefer to restrict themselves for fear of "turning native." On two French subjects he is fervent, inspired, and genuinely amusing. The first is *l'amour*, and this unpuritan son of New England extols the French for attaching no stigma to "the act which gives us our only chance for birth." He traces this French maturity to the ancient Gauls, who apparently had already "escaped the more degrading features of monogamy"—unlike other races where, presumably on account of sex repression, one citizen in seventeen is slated for a psychiatrist's couch. The second subject, gastronomy, he finds an even higher privilege of the French, and he describes some dishes and some shrines of delicious cooking (like Belley, the town beloved by Gertrude Stein) with genuine poetical raptures. He even fondly dreams of the heights to which America might have risen if George Washington, in forming the first Cabinet, had made Brillat-Savarin, then living in Philadelphia, Secretary of Nourishment. Such a noble experiment, he says, might have prevented the growth of neurotics and ulcer addicts in the U.S.

The title of Mr. Paul's book is misleading, however. The book will not help us understand France much more keenly than before. He sketches amiably if desultorily the geography, history, art, and literature (with which he has not kept up) of France. But readers should not go to such an unpretentious and hurried book for factual information or for any explanation of the politics, the economy, the present anxiety, the colonial problems, or the philosophical passion of the French. No one would suspect from Mr. Paul's gentle portrayal of the French as sensible pagans that

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they are at present enjoying the finest movement of religious art and religious literature of their modern history or that they have remarkably modernized their country's industry. But the book is entertainingly, cleverly, and epigrammatically written, and it may well bring France sympathy and even love—if not for the very best of reasons. —HENRI PEYRE.

MOUNTEBANK OR DAMAGED SOUL?: Albert Guérard's entry in the Great Lives in Brief Series, **"Napoleon III,"** (Alfred A. Knopf, $2.50), is a charming, sympathetic portrayal by the French Emperor's foremost "revisionist" defender, whose earlier "Napoleon III" (Harvard, 1943) was a scholarly political and social analysis, Mr. Guérard's interpretation is still pleasantly controversial, and those who do not wish to dispute him will enjoy going along for the story. He rejects the traditional picture of Louis Napoleon as an "elderly rake, with waxed mustaches, heavy lids, and lackluster eyes, who swindled his way to the throne and collapsed at the stern touch of reality." The Emperor had real courage, and was not as incompetent in military affairs as some have said.

Mr. Guérard's new biography advances, with more anecdotes and less argument, the essential thesis of his earlier study. The "Saint-Simon on Horseback" of the 1943 essay was an imperfect practitioner of "Caesarian democracy," a "damaged soul" but a generous and courageous one. He had been helped to power by his uncle's legend, by fears of disorder, and by his own humanitarianism, which touched a deep layer of French opinion. In the end he succumbed to the unworthy part of the legend and spoiled what might have been a solution to France's problem of political instability.

All in all, this is a pleasant little biography, full of personalities such as the Emperor's half-brother Morny, grandson of Talleyrand, and Cousin Napoleon, called *Plonplon,* and Empress Eugénie, reported as "without a peer in that golden age of fair women." A small book by a great authority can be a delight, like this one, and still show, "flitting in the background, vast phantoms. . . ."

—PAUL H. BEIK.

Uncertainty vs. Policy

Continued from page 8

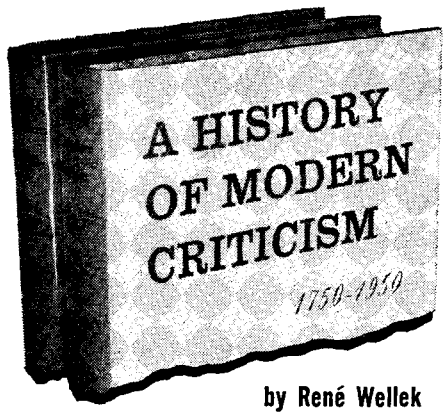
fortifications." The offensive had become supreme and there was hardly any use in attempting a defense against the new weapons.

In a way, those who took a despairing view were right. Firearms doomed their society or civilization as they had known it. The Eastern Roman Empire, which had survived the fall of the Western Empire by 1,000 years while the walls of Constantinople remained unbroken, fell in 1453 under the first great artillery bombardment of history. The event was, perhaps, no less dramatic or portentous than the destruction of Hiroshima by atomic fission on August 6, 1945.

Gunpowder not only shattered the social order of the Chivalric Age, it also broke down its ethics. This is what always happens when, in the ferment of history, the bonds of custom are loosed. Hitherto established standards of behavior and the developing new reality become too far separated for the survival of the former. The old ideals no longer fit the new world. "Whereas among the feudal knights," says Fuller, "ruses of war, surprisals, pursuits, and even the exploitation of the enemy's defeat were considered dishonorable and unchivalrous, they now become customary, until Machiavelli says: 'Although in all other affairs it is hateful to use fraud, in the operations of war it is praiseworthy and glorious'."

QUINCY WRIGHT and others have expounded the principle that the superiority of the offensive over the defensive favors political unification by war, whereas the supremacy of the defensive leads to political disintegration. But political unification by war may be a matter more of appearance than of reality. What unity means depends on the standpoint of the observer. It is true that the supremacy of the defensive, represented by the impregnable castle, prevented the national unification which the invention of gunpowder, momentarily favoring the offensive, made possible. But the period of the Middle Ages with its interlocking feudal relationships, with its allegiance to the one Roman Church, with its striving to realize the universal brotherhood of man under the comprehensive fatherhood of God, represented unity of a sort on a scale that transcended national boundaries. The development of sovereign national states represented unification within national limits; but it also represented the fragmentation of Christendom.

The effect of new developments in



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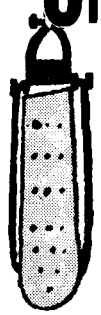

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warfare that, like nuclear fission, favor the offensive is, I think, to loosen those bonds of custom which hold men together in the community of civilization. The effect may also be to replace the old bonds of custom with new bonds of military force. The bonds of military force, however, are artificial and may prove quite unreliable in the long run. The Golden Horde of Genghis Khan unified a great part of the Eurasian continent for one glimmering and triumphant moment, as Napoleon later unified Europe; but it was a moment that more nearly represented chaos than order. Such unity is not unity at all.

It is nevertheless true, I think, that as one surveys the long history of mankind one may see in it a sort of alternation between those periods in which the bonds of human community are being forged and those other periods, generally more spectacular, in which those bonds are being loosed. We must not be misled by the appearance of unity that military empires sometimes give to the latter periods.

Even before the explosion of the atom bomb at Alamogordo, and well before it, our civilization had entered a period in which the bonds of custom were being loosed. Other developments preceding the atom bomb, spectacular developments in weapons and transportation and communication, had been working with overpowering effect on the intellectual and moral premises that underlie our civilization. These developments have in some measure anticipated the political effects of nuclear fission as the English long-bow anticipated the political effects of firearms.

And not only technological developments have been loosening the bonds of our established civilization. The belief that has sustained the intellectual structure of that civilization has been weakened by the discoveries of Darwin, of Freud, and of others. Powerful forces have been moving toward the same end of dissolution in the economic sphere. What those forces are is suggested in the first two chapters of John Maynard Keynes's "Economic Consequences of the Peace," published in 1920, but no less relevant and illuminating today than they were a generation ago.

HISTORY is a less adequate guide than we could wish for, if only because of the elements in our present situation that are without historical precedent. Two of those elements may be mentioned: the geographical frontiers for human expansion have disappeared; mankind apparently has the means, today, for making our planet uninhabitable. Our historical reminiscences provide us, at best, only with reflected gleams in the darkness ahead. But they are still our best guide.

Besides guiding us in what we may expect, do they also suggest what we should do to be saved?

What is it that we mean when we talk of being saved? Do we mean saved from history; or saved from change, from the constant decay and obsolescence of what we cherish; or saved from some comprehensive disaster? All of us would agree that we want to be saved, at least, from the extinction of our kind or our civilization in a nuclear holocaust. We want, if possible, to be spared a return to barbarism. We want the salvation of a world in which our descendants can still sow and reap the fruits of peace, in which they can by their efforts progressively improve their lot.

Those who offer any single way of salvation, however, are to be mistrusted no less than those who claim foreknowledge of the future. Surely there is no simple formula, no button to be pushed. Salvation is not a device; it is not a matter of any man's smartness. It will not come out of the enactments of legislators or the enthusiasm of publicists, although here and there these may make a contribution. It will not be the doing of a high-level committee. No political trick is going to bring it about.

At best we cannot expect to find any finality in salvation; for finality is not a characteristic of life. There may be finality in death but not in survival. We delude ourselves, then, if we expect a day to come when we can exclaim: *At last we are saved! At last we can relax!*

History suggests that the dangers to civilization are never over. They are merely surmounted or controlled by human virtue for as long as it manifests itself, no longer. If we are saved, and while we are saved, it will not be simply by technological cleverness or the brilliant conception of a political scientist; and it will not be by a one-shot manifesto or an inspired formula of words. It will only be by our collective wisdom exercised day by day in all the small problems and nagging dilemmas that beset us at home and abroad. It will be by dealing with them humbly, patiently, knowledgeably, and constantly, in our schools and homes, in our newspapers, on our public platforms, in our literature and art, in our Government. It will be by the wisdom that we are able to summon for the conduct of our weekday lives. And that wisdom, it seems to me, must be based on an understanding of the principles by which, within the limits of possibility, our actions ought to be guided.

There is no way of dealing with the one comprehensive problem of salvation that will spare us from dealing with all the little problems of every day, or that will spare us from the need of good behavior. Salvation remains what it has been throughout history, a matter of husbandry. It is the annual harvest which comes from the faithful cultivation of our gardens.

The Professor's Farewell

By Sister Mary Jeremy

GOODBYE and God speed you to Rotterdam, Brighton,
Kilkenny or Nome. And don't trouble to write.
I whistle for whirlwinds to sweep you from sight—
Goodbye now, my flowers, goodbye.

I'd never belittle the make of your mind,
The hang of your humor I leave undefined,
—Your notion of knowledge (I try to be kind)
Conduces to crisis. Goodbye.

Were you at the North Pole and I at the South,
Cadenzas of chuckles would pour from my mouth,
For your absence I pine as for drink in a drouth—
Is that clear to the class? Then goodbye.

Sahara itself uninfested by you
Were fairer than rose gardens spangled with dew.
Meet candor with candor: I know that it's true
You like to be saying goodbye

And inveterate honesty makes me acknowledge
The speaker's own mind isn't famed for its awl-edge;
Without you we wouldn't have much of a college.
That's all for today, dears. Goodbye.

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Eighty Years of Thomas Mann

Continued from page 9

something, but has really experienced it, or believes he has pictured something he lived when he really invented it. This matter of invention is not very clear at all because it may represent a probing or prophesying of something that exists or will exist, or because one might have experienced it before birth. Creative writing is extremely mysterious.

When I sit together with my father he radiates a deep inner curiosity that suggests a sense of knowing. It is almost uncanny. His silence—he is frequently silent—demands expression but actually seems superfluous. It seems at best like an affirmation of what he knows; his curiosity is pretended and polite. He plays the child which sees and hears everything for the first time. Somehow he may be one, but a child as deep as a well.

Once, in "Hamlet," we saw the duel scene when Hamlet's arm bleeds. Later Dad said to the actor: "That was blood on your arm, wasn't it?" The actor answered debunkingly: "It was toothpaste." I think that at that moment my father experienced a real disillusion. Even though he was fully aware of all the technical stunts and tricks of the art, he faced it with *pure faith* and thus felt deceived and betrayed. Yet in such gall as this deception displayed and as it was admitted by the actor, he felt some deep satisfaction. What a devil of a fellow he is! How he leads people around by the nose! With toothpaste he makes them see royal Danish blood. Dad may have also thought: I create my world for you, and you believe in it. That is basically the same sort of pretense.

In his intense and almost pious dedication to create the world in words there is something of a childish, even diabolical glee in imitating, in nose-pulling, in bluffing. I could well imagine that if my father should see a piece of jewelry of unique beauty and unique value and then should see another identical to a hair, but false he would lovingly look at the imitation exclaiming: That is really wonderful! For its cunningness I prefer it to the genuine. Moreover, I keep it with a better conscience since the irreplaceable value of the genuine would almost be a sinful burden on me.

That's how it is with the genuine and the imitated life. The genuine is relieved of its burden by the imitated, depreciated in its worth, but also raised. You might read a book of Conrad's and think you were at sea. That is enough. And yet the reality of the sea itself was thereby made keener. Since the day of the phonograph record it is easier to appreciate live music. Since my father lived in the imitated world, he found the real world twice as exciting. When he would leave the room of alchemy he would breathe real fresh air with twice the warmth and pleasure, but in the long run it would tire and irritate him, even overpower him. He had then to exchange it again for the fictitious world, again and again, but thus one was set afire by the other.

Nor was he in any way just a doctor of alchemy, but a real man of life. Few loved as much as he to take walks in the lovely countryside, to look at beautiful store windows—particularly at nice leather and pastry goods—or to see a child laugh, hear an old woman curse, a boy sing, the wind roar, or to watch the glow of the autumn foliage, flowers in bloom, birds in flight, two dogs at play. But he was also fascinated by the appealing, the strange, and the sad—he breathed in everything and found it unexpectedly again in his study.

I was never present when my father did his writing. I suspect that he used a magically prepared paper that would whimper softly when he wrote something wrong. For he seemed to have a great respect for the paper—his manuscript looked so clean; practically nothing was revised. He wrote everything correctly on the first try in his adroit, profound gothic hand which in its abstractness was difficult to read. But the drawn symbols seemed to be in rhythm with the thought.

He never wrote with a typewriter. Nor did he ever drive a car. Yet Dad is no old-fashioned man. He would dare to accept an invitation from the president of Mars and risk the voyage with armor and monster mask. Even without that he has enjoyed flying. He has said that it felt like being in a luxurious sanatorium attended and cared for tenderly by lovely steward-

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esses. Many times he has flown over the Atlantic and across the United States.

He has never been in a war, never really under fire, but in spirit he has been. Certainly he must have fought with himself and battled courageously for harmony in art. Once somebody marveled at the patience with which he carries his work to completion, and I heard him reply: "Patience is courage." I know roughly what he meant, and yet I am inclined to think that he mistook this courage a little for the calm and resoluteness with which I have credited him. Out of such calm came the rhythm, continuity, validity, and timelessness of his work.

Time has never touched him at all. With his eyes fastened upon the eternal sky he has let this nervous, fleeting something pass by the window. Time cannot age him. My father is not a hunchbacked old man with a long white beard and shaky hands—on the contrary. Hardly gray, erect, his hands steady, his mind and voice clear as ever. Perhaps with time his inward radiant glance has become more confident. I think that nowadays my father often looks satisfied.

Perhaps it is only today that the marriage of his work and his life has been consummated. They have become harmonious. Maybe in the past there was, in spite of everything, some jealousy, disunity, and strangeness between work and life. Only after a long steady side-by-side existence, while both proved themselves to each other, have they finally been reconciled and wedded. Now they know that one existed for the other, life for work, work for life. And recognizing the latter may have imparted kindliness and assurance to his eyes.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER *Fred Levon* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	New York mystery-writing class jolted as real thing intrudes; students and law co-op.	Neat characterization, smooth handling, heighten realistic effect.	Nice grown-up job.
SCOTLAND YARD *Sir Harold Scott* (Random: $5)	Ex-head (1945-53) describes functions, organization, performance of world's best-known force.	Many case histories included in compact, readable survey (and nice pix).	Sound and meaty.
TWO TICKETS FOR TANGIER *Van Wyck Mason* (Doubleday: $3.75)	Col. Hugh North, G-2, tangles with Reds, scientists, dames in Europe, North Africa.	Much French, German, Spanish-spoken; strong on *tourisme*, local color.	Orthodox skirt-and-dagger.
MURDER OF A MYSTERY WRITER *Eric Heath* (Arcadia: $2.50)	Novelist shot in snowbound Sierra lodge as fellow-craftsmen dine; artist also washed out.	Wholly incredible cast (including amateur solver) makes this hard to take.	Heavy going.
THE MEMOIRS OF LACENAIRE *Philip John Stead, ed.* (Roy: $3)	Autobiography of poetical Paris assassin who was guillotined in 1836.	Author's attempt to explain self provides ingenious and modern angle.	Nice specialty.
THE BEST THAT EVER DID IT *Ed Lacy* (Harper: $2.50)	Barney Harris, green NY eye, scores nicely when double killing drops into his lap.	Cops good too; civilians also plausible; motive neatly hidden.	Real teaser.
GUEST IN THE HOUSE *Philip MacDonald* (Crime Club: $2.75)	English visitor in So. Cal. seaside manor finds blackmailer annoying hosts; acts.	No bloodshed, but pace is fast, personnel limited; characterization sound.	Holds up well.
THE CASE OF THE TALKING BUG *The Gordons* (Crime Club: $2.75)	So. Cal. wiretapping cops learn plenty about human race, more about topside crook.	Technical detail A-1; good story, sound cast; one for these times.	Their best yet.
TWIST OF THE KNIFE *Victor Canning* (Sloane: $2.50)	Footloose British war vet flies drugs to Egypt runs into violence, also love.	Pace good, but heroine, villain are on cardboard side.	He's beaten this.
VANISHED *Marjorie Carleton* (Morrow: $2.75)	Ostensible (and presentable) Boston widow jarred by report hubby may have survived Korea.	Three murders intervene before solution in New Hampshire woods (this yarn gets around).	Literate, and complicated.

—Sergeant Cuff.

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VACATION? Binoculars add tremendously to your enjoyment. All types, prices, postpaid. BARTLETT HENDRICKS, Pittsfield 50-B, Mass.

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For Sale

THOUSAND ISLANDS: For campers, two Ontario islets, new cabins, furniture, views. $3,500. Box W-144.

WOODSTOCK, N. Y. 12 rooms, 5 baths, 5 acres. Magnificent view, secluded, convenient schools. Ideal for established author with large family. $29,950. Cornelius Sewell, Woodstock, N. Y.

BRIGHTWATERS, L. I., Colonial home near Bay. 3 bedrooms. $21,500. Islip 3-6414. Broker, Box W-472.

UNSURPASSED view slope Shawangunk Mt. 5-room modernized Colonial; acre. $9,500. Middletown, N.Y., 74552.

TWO-BEDROOM dream house, in apple orchard, magnificent views. Built 1790, recently remodeled to apartment-convenience without changing character. Landscaped grounds, 3 acres. 50 miles NYC. $19,000, terms; owner ill. Box W-473.

REAL SECLUSION. 85 wooded acres, very sound old farmstead, no improvements. Stream and pond site. $5,000. Lucy F. White, Hillsdale, N. Y.

SPACIOUS BARN STUDIO on Cape Cod, shore road to Woods Hole. $11,000, furnished; ¾ mile from beach; kitchen, bath, 3 bedrooms, workshop, separate guest house. Write Mary Fassett, West Falmouth, Mass.

250 MILES north of New York—spacious remodeled homestead, cottage, 11 acres. Cool, quiet, valley view. Trout brooks on premises. $9,000 cash. Estate settlement. Box W-474.

CONNECTICUT, 4 hours NYC. Pure Colonial, 1809; 9 rooms, large studio, 5 fireplaces, superb hilltop view, over 60 acres, sugar maples, grapes, 2 ponds. Wide-oak floors, L and T hinges, butternut trim, electricity, modern bath. Ideal for writer, artist. $7,000 cash. Reasonable because of small repairs. Box W-486.

INCOME FARM—Remodeled 100-year-old house, guest house, greenhouse; hunting, stocked pond, privacy. Mrs. F. H. Jones, R.D. #1, Danville, Pa.

YEAR-AROUND insulated house, also camp; both on Lake George. S. M. Carver, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

For Rent

IN FARMHOUSE—3 unfurnished rooms, year-round. Single lady or couple. Modern facilities, beautiful landscape, climate. Smoky Mountain Farm, Route 1, Lake Toxaway, N. C.

(Continued on page 42)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Summer Rental

(Continued from page 41)

FARMHOUSE, MAINE. On working farm, charming coastal view; swimming and sailing. Furnished, 4 large bedrooms, electric kitchen. 5 miles Freeport, $850. References. Box W-435.

DESIGNED FOR SECLUSION! North Conway, N. H. Modern Swiss cabin. Box W-432.

MONTAUK—Charming 1½-room studio, ¼ mile from beach. Screen porch, full bath, electric kitchen, heat. Complete privacy. $750 July 1-Labor Day. $950 June 1-September 15. Williams, Box 651, Montauk, N. Y.

BERKSHIRE HILLS. Secluded lakeside log cabin for rent. Box W-428.

ROCKPORT, MASSACHUSETTS. Apartment: attractive, comfortable. $750 July-August. Box W-457.

COUNTRY RENTAL: Two apartments, 4 and 2 rooms, furnished, modern conveniences. In spacious residence on quiet colonial green; complete privacy. Summer rates. Write or telephone Miss Peggy Mason, Monroe Center, Connecticut.

RUSTICATE at Martha's Vineyard Camp on tidal Lake Tashmoo, 2 miles from Vineyard Haven. Sleeps 6. Kitchen pump, chemical toilet; blankets, linen, silver. $200 August-September. Box W-485.

IN SCENIC Rockland County, N. Y., 3-bedroom house, brand-new and furnished, available July-August, $800. An ideal spot for writer, artists, or free-thinkers, called South Mountain Road. Telephone New City 4-2068.

PENNSYLVANIA MOUNTAINS—2-bedroom cottage, all conveniences. 4 acres Delaware riverfront. Privacy. Boat, fishing, swimming. $500 season. Erling Indahl, 6357 Greene St., Philadelphia, Pa.

SNEADEN'S LANDING, 15 miles Manhattan. 7 rooms; rustic. July, August, $400. Box W-490.

ARTIST'S VERMONT farm home; washer, dryer, piano, 2 baths; vegetables, milk, eggs, household help available. Swimming. Children welcome. July, August, September $400 monthly. Box W-491.

VACATIONS

THE WESTTOWN FARM HOUSE, an old-fashioned country inn, 21 miles west of Philadelphia. Beautiful Pennsylvania countryside. Route 926. Excellent meals. Pleasant rooms. In the cultural atmosphere of a Quaker school campus, with library privileges, use of private lake and tennis courts. Reservations by week or month, the year around. Marion Weller, Manager, Westtown, Pennsylvania.

HATHAWAY LODGE, the luxury lodge for adults. Formerly the palatial 592-acre Macy estate "In the Hills of the Sky." Luxurious rooms, many with open fireplaces. Private swimming pool. Magnificent mountain trails for hiking. Tennis, handball. All outdoor sports. Recordings, library. Square, folk & ballroom dancing. Superb American-Jewish cooking. Easy transportation. Reasonable rates. For reservations or booklet: HATHAWAY LODGE, Haines Falls, N. Y. Telephone Tannersville 299.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, THOUGHTFUL PEOPLE find relaxation in quiet Cape Cod seaport village. Beach, beautiful harbor view, shore drives. Summer theaters accessible. Rates from $10 A. P. Booklet. BREAKWATER HOTEL, Woods Hole, Mass.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N. Y. 2,100' elevation, 600 acres surrounded by Adirondack Forest. Cottages. Mountain and Lake recreation. Ideal for creative work or just loafing. Meals varied and best. Booklet.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VERMONT. Elevation 2,000 feet. Surrounded by the beautiful Green Mountain National Forest. Restful, informal. Swimming, sports. Excellent food and accommodations. Folder.

VACATIONS

PELICAN COVE—in unspoiled Florida Keys. Immaculate ocean-front apartments, cooling trade winds, beach, skin-diving, fishing, loafing. Literate, congenial company. Astonishingly inexpensive. Tom and Carolyn Brown, Islamorada, Florida.

STONEGATE LODGE on Long Lake, N. Y. Informal resort estate. Adirondack splendor. Concert trio, folk dancing, crafts, fishing. Circle 6-6386 (NYC).

DELLMARSON LODGE, Mortimer's Point, Muskoka, Canada. Beautiful private island. All conveniences. Relax, Fine Food, Recreation. Folder.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Otisfield, Maine. Mountains, lake, rural recreations. $40.

SWEET PEAS—EATING PEAS—*mountains all around.* Boarders, come enjoy these and modernized old home. Reservations. MANSFIELD FARM, Londonderry, Vermont.

BERMUDA COTTAGES—1, 2, or 3-bedroom housekeeping cottages in choice locations. Beautifully furnished, all have fireplace, radio, efficient stove, refrigerator, telephone. Maid service, meals optional. Access to beaches, golf courses, all sports. Moderate rates. For booklet, map, details write BERMUDA COTTAGES, Paget, Bermuda.

CENTRAL ADIRONDACKS—Small, quiet guest lodge, beautifully located on a cool, clear mountain lake. Delicious meals. $50 to $54 per week. WOODHOLME, Seventh Lake, Inlet, N. Y.

CHARMING ROOMS in artist's home overlooking harbor. Few minutes from train, ferry, and village. Box 675, Woods Hole, Mass.

LAKE ARROWHEAD, CALIFORNIA, Box 123. Mondal's Guest House. Dining on the terrace overlooking the lake. Adults only. Reasonable.

MUSIC INN at Lenox, Mass. Adjacent to Tanglewood, adjacent to the Music Barn . . . swimming, boating, bicycling, tennis. . . . Write for details.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R.D. 2, Middlebury, Vermont.

KUTAY'S LODGE—Adults, Swimming, Boating. Jewish-American cuisine. Accord, N. Y.

TOBEY HILL FARM, Canaan, Connecticut, welcomes paying guests. Beautiful, quiet, comfortable.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful countryside, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

HOPE FOR LOVING HERMITS (semi-gregarious species). Flora-loving, fauna-loving, sea-loving, peace-loving guests welcome. Ten miles at sea, the stars your streetlights, the wide horizon beyond reach or desire. The Island Inn, MONHEGAN ISLAND, MAINE. (Open May 30.) Booklet?

CHANTECLERC INN—International cuisine, outdoor dining, folk singers; Colonial Guesthouse, cottages, fishing, swimming. WOODBURY, CONNECTICUT. Telephone 15-W-2.

HIGH POND INN—surrounded by 5,000 acres private Vermont mountains and valleys. Three ponds, one bass, one rainbow trout; nature trails; varied species Northeastern birds. Riding, boating; close to golf, lake resorts, summer theatres. Our own swimming pool; 40-foot waterfall. Vermont natural foods, organically grown stone ground flour, charcoal broils, our own farm. Also charming French cabin not far from Inn, housekeeping for four. Reasonable rates. Combine creative days with rest and recreation. For folder or reservations write Mrs. Mary Ellen Henderson, High Pond Inn, Brandon Inn. Telephone Hubbardton 3-2171.

MAINE RESORT CAMP for all the family. Private island in Casco Bay. Seclusion, relaxation, recreation, boat trips, fine food. $45 to $55. Special children's rates. Booklet. CAMP EGGEMOGGIN, Box 27, Brunswick, Maine.

VACATIONS

CORNWALL GUEST HOUSE, Vermont, 2 miles from Middlebury. Excellent accommodations, Southern cuisine. Enjoy the interesting cultural atmosphere of Middlebury. *Write for brochure: Virginia S. Graham,* Cornwall R.D. 11, Middlebury, Vt.

THE ANCHORAGE, Grand Manan Island, Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick, Canada. A congenial Guest Colony. Enjoy a holiday by the sea in an atmosphere of old-world charm.

THE BELGRADE HOTEL AND COTTAGE RESORT. Here's that famous Maine lakeshore resort you've heard about. Everything from private golf course, mile-long beach to Maine's finest bass fishing. Only $5 to $11 a day per person for rooms and reasonably priced meals, too. Write for folder. Belgrade Lakes 6, Maine.

SOUTHWIND, Woodbourne, New York. Informal adult resort. Private lake. Tennis. Outstanding record library. Excellent American cuisine.

COLONIAL CHARM midst wooded Litchfield Hills. Trout stream. Casual, intimate; luscious food. Swimming, riding, golf nearby. Country auctions, summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Nothing whatever to do. Opening Junish. The Mastertons, Brandon, Vermont.

MERRIEBROOK, Poughquag, N. Y. Homelike. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

LOG CABINS in the Pines. Swimming, tennis, fishing. Excellent food. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

CANYON CREEK CAMP, remote mountain retreat. Fishing, hunting, pack trips, cabins. Vera Schulz, Melrose, Montana.

TANGLEWOOD MUSIC FESTIVAL! Just across the road from AVALOCH INN! Home of the Five Reasons Tavern; tennis, swimming, large record collection, and extensive library. Write AVALOCH, Dept. D, Lenox, Massachusetts. Telephone: Lenox 41.

SEVEN HILLS LENOX, MASSACHUSETTS, for June in the Berkshires. Tennis, swimming, fishing, boating—good food, records and books. Golf nearby.

HAITI'S MOST COLORFUL HOTEL, beloved by writers, artists, spirited people, formerly presidential residence, offers unique atmosphere, stimulating company, cool breezes, tropical gardens, swimming pool. Summer, double $16-$22 daily, including three superlative meals. Write HOTEL OLOFFSON, Port-au-Prince, Haiti.

WHITE MOUNTAINS—BALD HILL LODGE. High elevation, mountain views, natural woodlands. Completely modern, swimming. Excellent food. Recommended by Gourmet and Duncan Hines. $65 to $75 weekly A.P. *Conway, New Hampshire.*

THE HOMESTEAD, Greenwich, Connecticut, 28 miles from NYC. Beautiful small New England Inn, Club atmosphere. Work, rest, play. Telephone 8-7500.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Connecticut. Quiet, informal country life, good food, comfortable beds.

AT THE GODDARD MUSIC AND ART CENTER in Vermont's beautiful Upper Winooski Valley amateur musicians and artists work with skilled staff members, play in concerts, exhibit paintings. Fine food, simple living. A vacation home, not a school. $50 first week, $45 thereafter. Write W. G. Hamlin, Box S, Goddard College, *Plainfield, Vermont.*

ENCHANTING LAKESIDE VACATION midway Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow—informal, unpretentious, unique. Retreat for 50 in deep woods on two secluded lakes. Hi-Fi, library, congenial companions. Late breakfasts, barbecues, outdoor buffets, packed lunches. No radio or TV. Nearby: golf, riding, dancing, antiques, lovely drives, history. Sports on grounds: swimming, canoeing, rowing, tennis, shuffleboard, badminton, volleyball, fishing, quoits, hiking, ping-pong. Lodge, cottages, cabins. CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Folder S.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1106

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

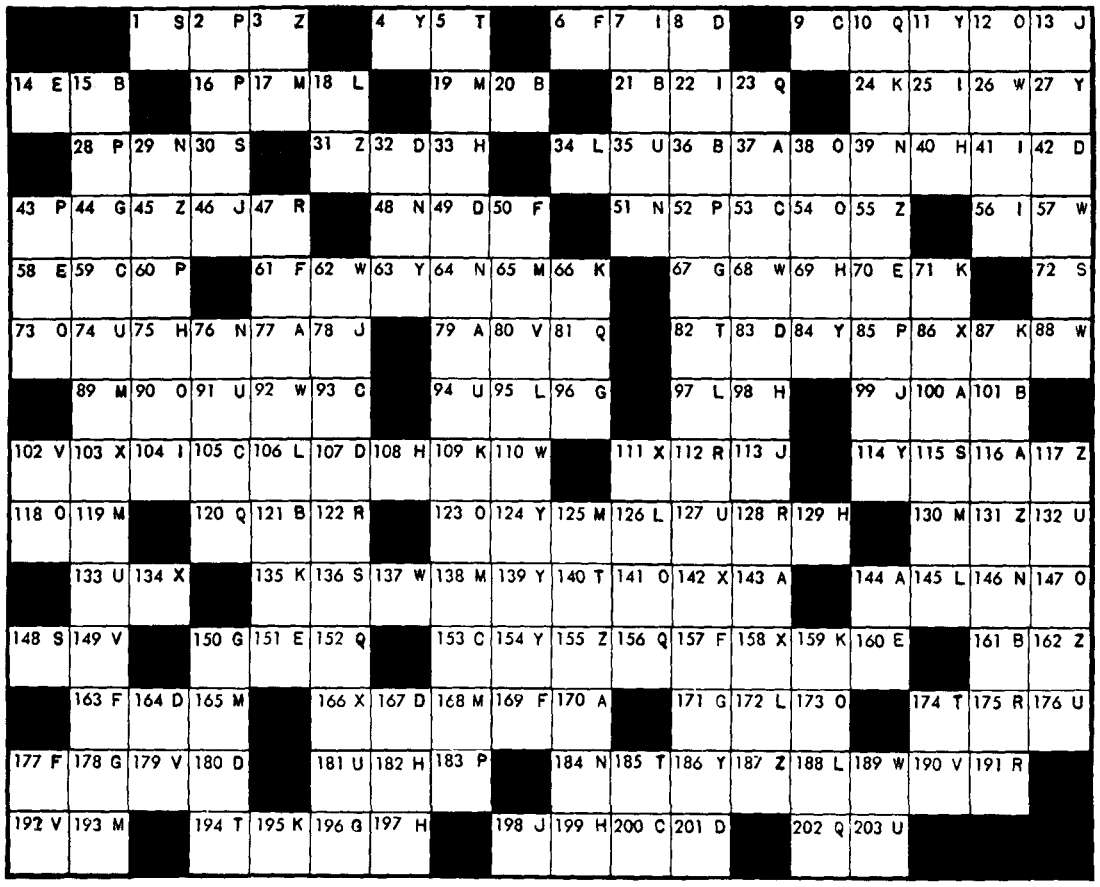
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Certain support used by photographers and others.	100 170 37 116 143 77 144 79
B. Pollen-bearing parts of plants.	161 20 21 121 101 36 15
C. Most flushed.	9 53 93 153 59 200 105
D. When many businesses discount their bills (3 wds.).	164 49 201 167 8 83 42 107 180 32
E. A light meal.	160 14 151 70 58
F. Dispose of lightly (2 wds.; slang).	50 177 169 6 157 61 163
G. The cherry bird.	67 150 96 171 44 196 178
H. Great Swiss capitalist-philanthropist in U.S., 1847-1905, one of whose seven sons was lost on the *Titanic*.	197 199 108 75 40 98 182 33 69 129
I. Linctus, used in medicine.	41 56 22 25 104 7
J. Famous "Field" in the heart of Brooklyn.	113 198 13 46 99 78
K. Sugar candy used in medicine.	159 109 135 71 66 87 195 24
L. Wind instrument glorified by Richard Strauss in his "Domestic Symphony."	126 106 18 95 34 172 97 188 145
M. Abusively reproachful.	168 193 130 165 17 89 65 138 19 125 119

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Either of the two Magellanic Clouds.	29 64 184 51 146 76 39 48
O. Garden rose often called the "Japanese."	12 118 38 141 90 123 73 173 54 147
P. Officially sanctioned.	28 16 43 60 2 52 183 85
Q. Slang for a favorable advantage in sport (2 wds.).	120 10 81 23 152 156 202
R. Stilled.	112 128 191 175 122 47
S. Subjoin.	115 72 1 136 148 30
T. With least covering.	5 185 194 140 82 174
U. Where Lee surrendered to Grant, April, 1865.	35 91 94 176 203 74 127 181 133 132
V. One of U.S.'s best wild songsters.	149 80 102 192 190 179
W. Second name, mother of King of Prussia Frederick I.	68 110 26 137 62 92 57 88 189
X. Formal term for an understanding.	103 134 166 86 158 111 142
Y. Obsequious.	139 4 114 154 63 27 124 11 84 186
Z. Rare word for trustworthiness.	155 3 117 131 45 187 162 31 55

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 39 of this issue.

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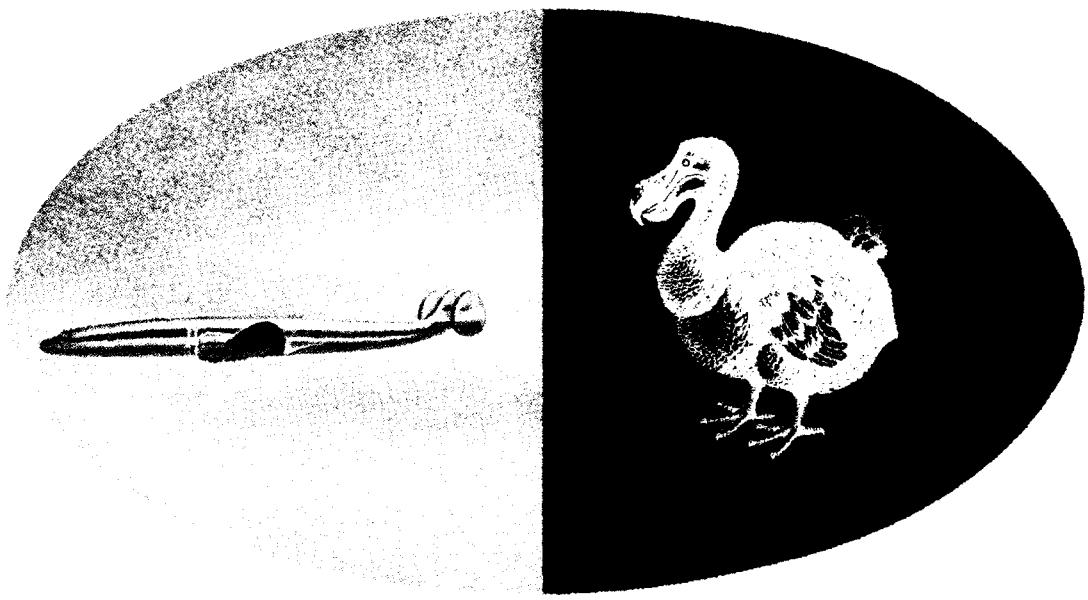
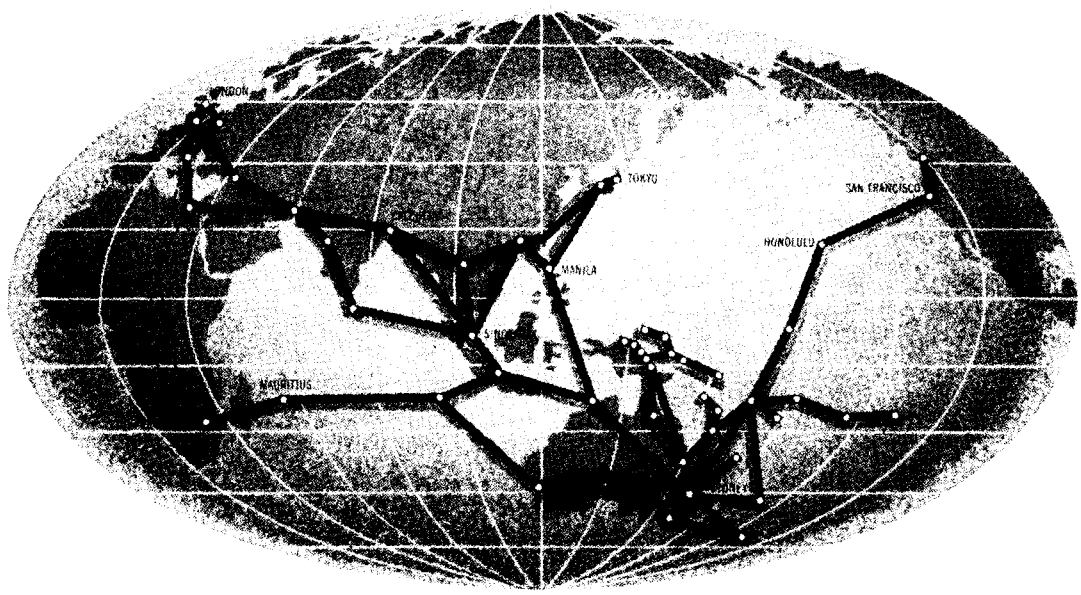


How to outdo the Dodo by 68,000 miles



..and with exceptional comfort and speed

The Dodo *(didus ineptus)* never left the Island of Mauritius; he couldn't fly. The Dodo became extinct in 1681. Perhaps it was for the best.

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